YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

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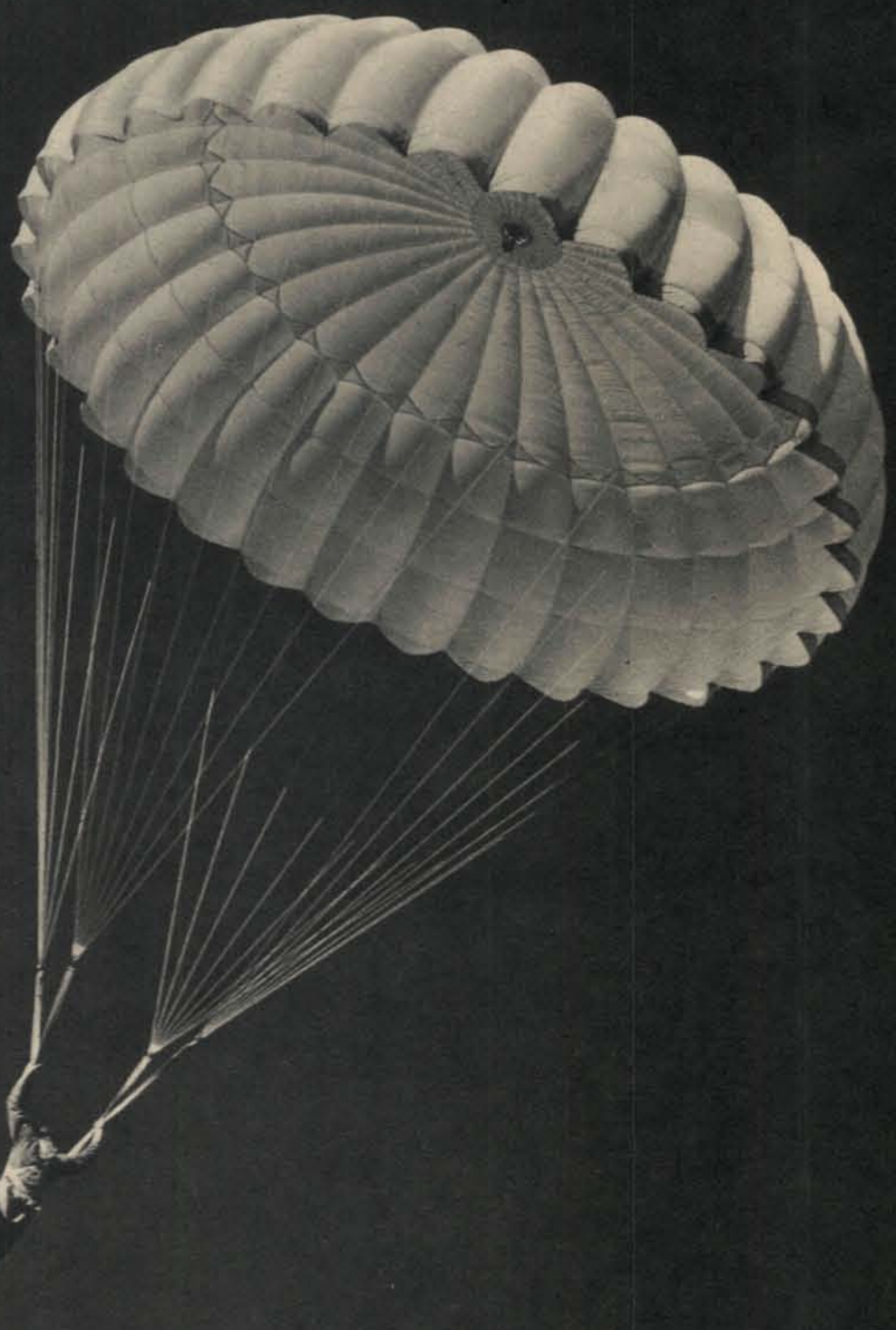
By the men . . for the men in the service



CAN YOU GET YOUR OLD JOB BACK?

Read Attorney Gen. Biddle's Answer on Page 6

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Floored But Not Kayoed

ONE year after the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor, the United States Navy Department released the remarkable pictures you see on this and the following two pages. They, and the facts revealed along with them, tell for the first time the full story of what happened on Dec. 7, 1941. In the photo above, the 32,600-ton battleship California, battered by aerial bombs and torpedoes, settles slowly into the mud. Clouds of smoke conceal all but the hulk of the capsized battleship Oklahoma at the extreme right of the California. In the picture at right, the California, raised from her shallow resting place by means of cofferdams, is being towed to drydock. Of the 19 vessels listed as sunk or damaged, the battleship Arizona will be the only one permanently and totally lost.

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Naval Air Station at Pearl Harbor following Japanese attack. In background an explosion sends flames and smoke high above wrecked planes.

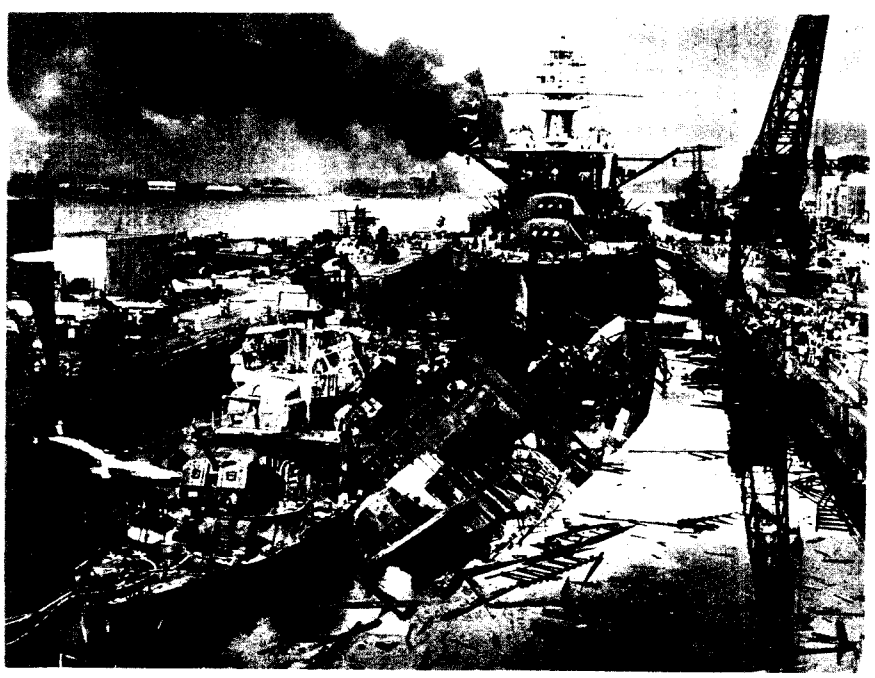
THE STORY OF PEARL HARBOR

"ON the morning of December 7, 1941, Japanese aircraft temporarily disabled every battleship and most of the aircraft in the Hawaiian area."

This matter-of-fact sentence starts off the Navy communique that everyone has been waiting for: the whole story of what happened at Pearl Harbor. Until now the Navy has issued no final, complete statement on the Hawaiian disaster for the same, and good, reason that other losses are frequently kept secret for a long time. The enemy rarely has a chance to see clearly how much damage he has done on a raid, and we are certainly not going to hand him that information on the cuff.

Now, one year afterward, the story can be told. We took a shellacking at Pearl Harbor. The Japs pasted us all over the lot. They sunk or damaged 19 warships and 177 Army and Navy planes. They killed 2,117 officers and enlisted men in the Navy and Marine Corps; 876 more were wounded and 960 are still missing. They killed 226 Army officers and men, and wounded 396 more.

As everyone knows by now, it started at 7:55 A.M. on a Sunday morning when Jap dive bombers appeared over the Army Air Base, Hickam Field and the Naval Air Station on Ford Island. We were caught with our pants down. Before the planes could get off the ground they were blasted off the field. At the same time the Japs also struck the Naval Air Station at Kaneohe Bay, repeating the procedure.



Caught in drydock, the destroyers Downes (left) and Cassin were smashed. Battleship Pennsylvania (rear) suffered light damage, and was soon repaired.

The attack went like clockwork. With our planes wrecked, the Japs proceeded at their leisure to the fleet. There were 86 ships moored at Pearl Harbor at the time—including eight battleships, seven cruisers, 28 destroyers and five submarines. No aircraft carriers were around. The score of 19 out of 86 will do as par for that course, considering that all eight battleships were hit.

The first phase of the attack lasted approximately a half-hour. Twenty-one torpedo planes made four attacks and 30 dive bombers came in eight waves during this period. Fifteen horizontal bombers also came along, and not just for the ride.

The attack was a complete surprise, but within seven minutes all naval anti-aircraft guns were in operation. Machine guns brought down two Jap planes and damaged others in this first phase. Of the 202 Naval aircraft on the island, only 38 were able to get into the air, and they were hopelessly outnumbered. Altogether we managed to account for 28 of the 105 Jap planes used in the raid, plus three Japanese submarines,

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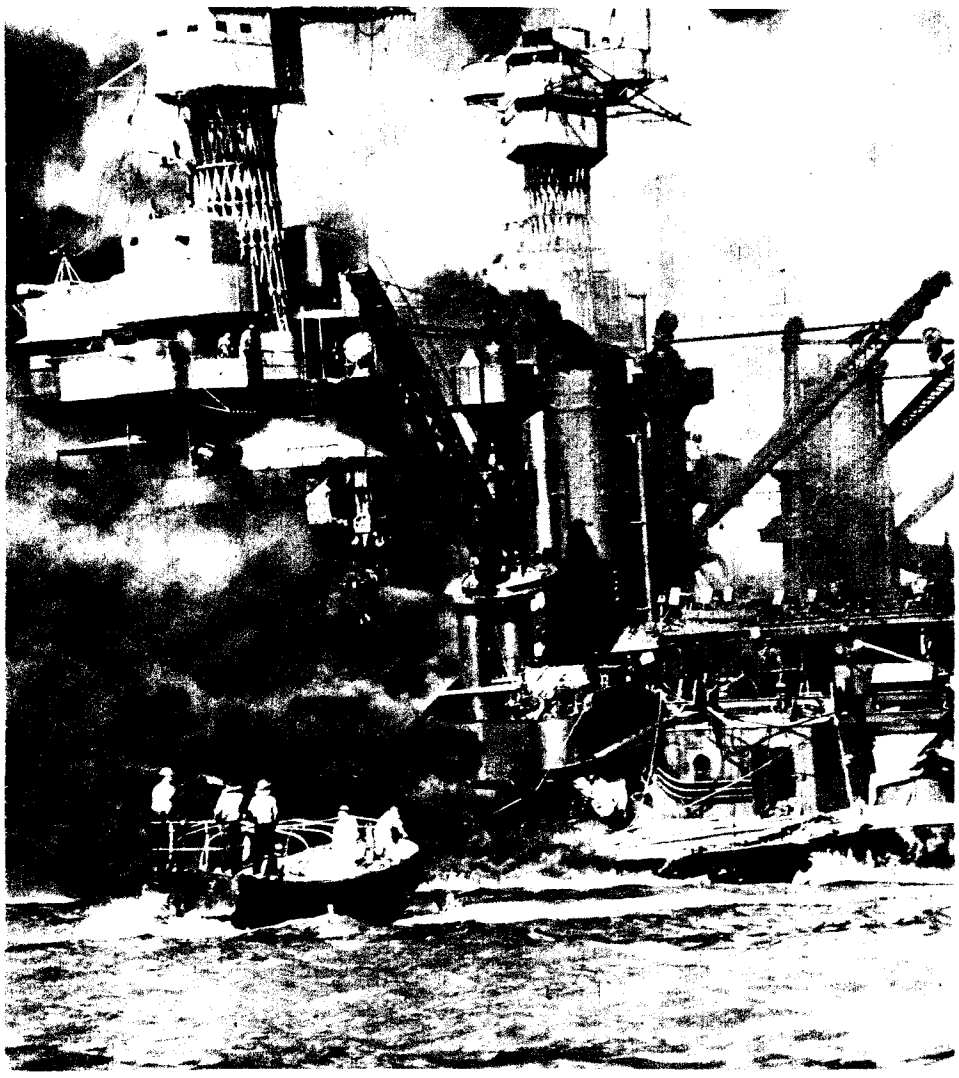
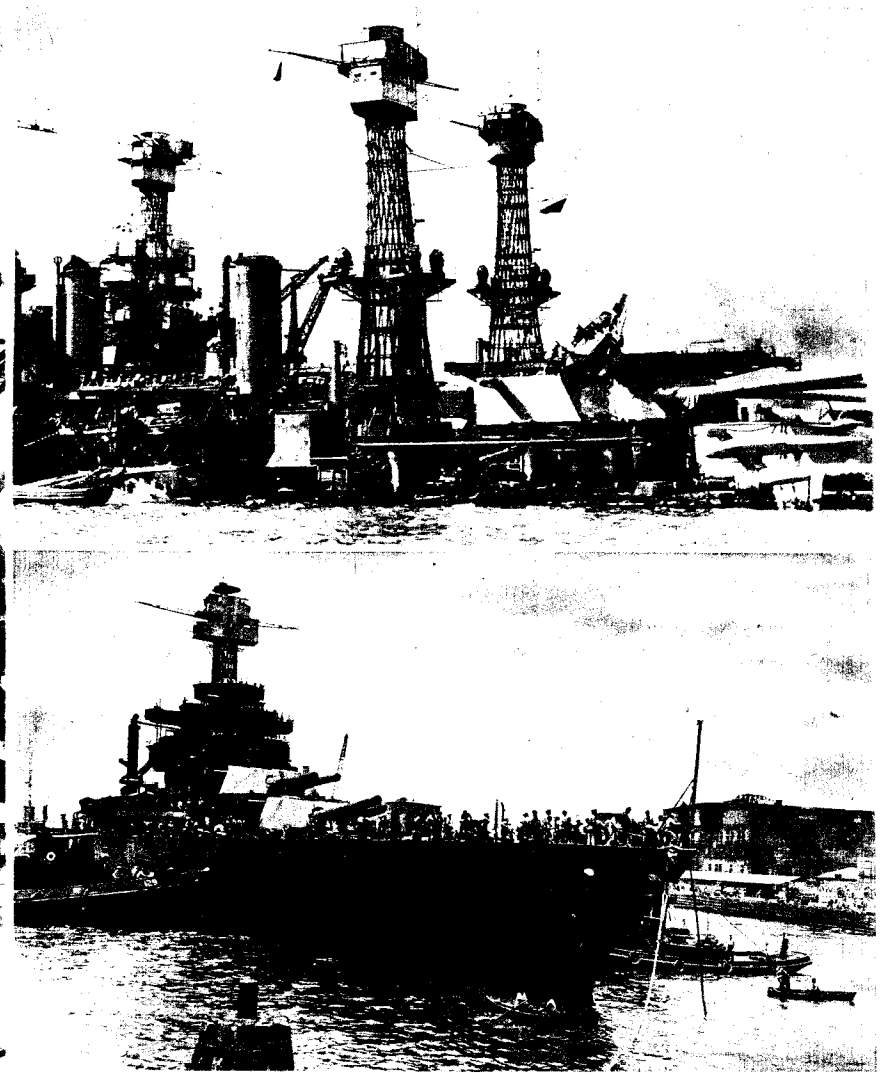




Judging from above picture and one at upper right, you'd think the battleship West Virginia was a total loss. She burns as small boat rescues a seaman. But, although she was sunk at her berth by Japanese torpedoes and bombs, the West Virginia was raised and here is being towed to drydock for repairs.

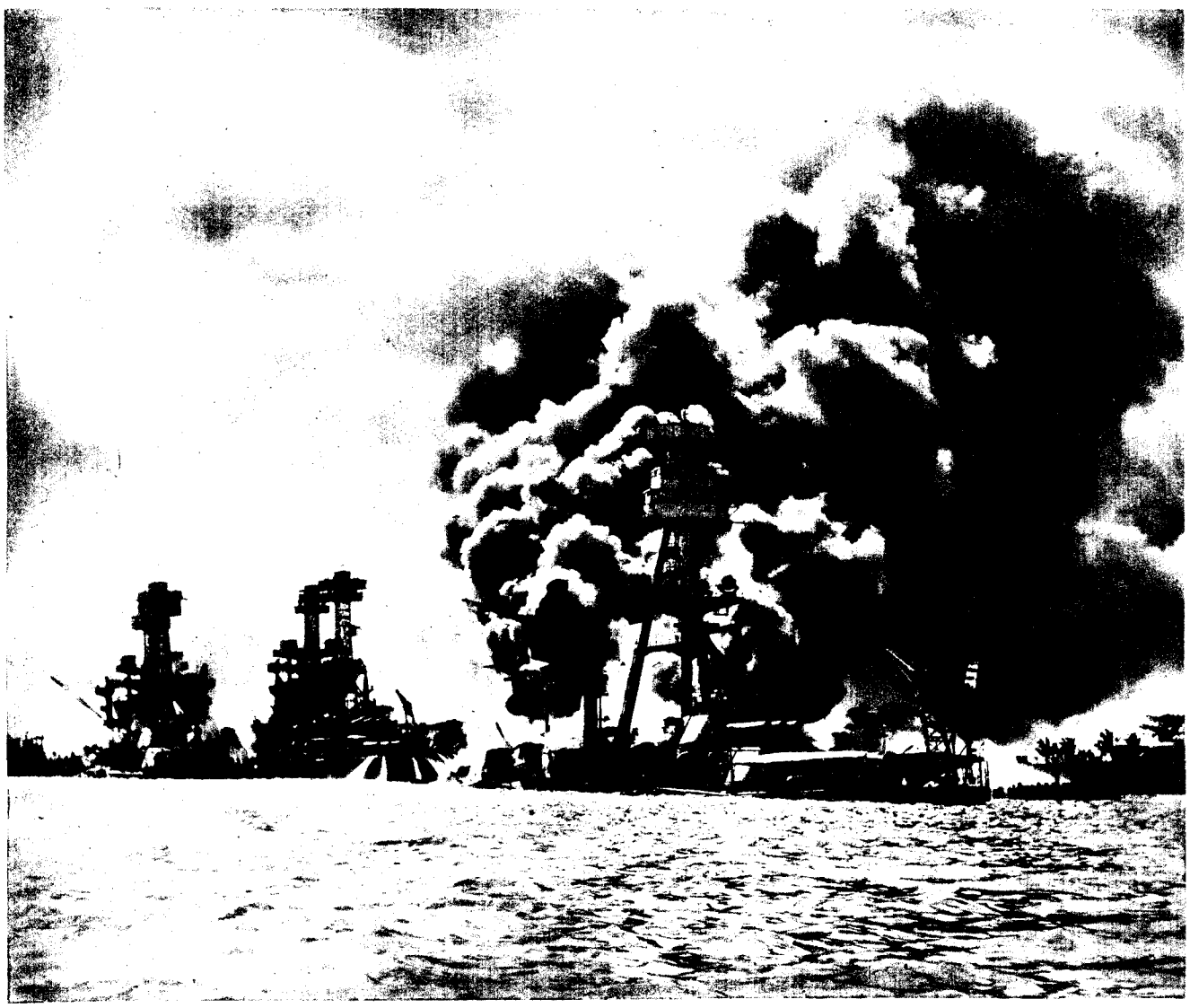
each one weighing 45 tons.

From 8:25 to 8:40 A. M. there was a comparative lull in the action, although Jap dive and horizontal bombers made occasional attacks. This was terminated by the appearance of more horizontal bombers which proceeded to a systematic checkerboard bombing of installations. These were aided by the dive bombers, concentrating on strafing. All enemy aircraft left at 9:45 A.M.

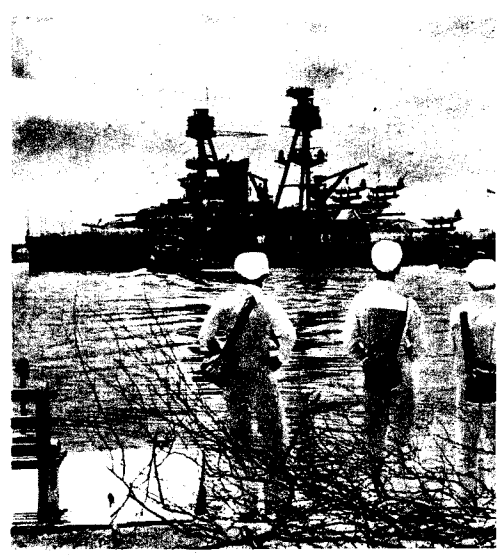
"The enemy attack," says the Navy communique, "was very successful."

When the smoke had cleared away, civilians and service men set about clearing the debris and evaluating the damage. Nineteen vessels were sunk or damaged severely: five battleships, Arizona, Oklahoma, California, Nevada, and West Virginia; three destroyers, one minelayer, the targetship Utah, and a floating drydock. In addition three more battleships, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Tennessee; three other cruisers, a seaplane tender and a repair ship were damaged. But of the 19 Naval vessels hit, only the 26-year-old battleship Arizona will be permanently and totally lost. The rest are now either back with the fleet or salvaged at least in part. The planes were all replaced within a few days and interference with facilities generally limited to a matter of hours.

It was a tough blow, but far from fatal.



Three battleships put out of action by the Japs: the West Virginia (left), severely damaged; the Tennessee (center), damaged and the Arizona, sunk. In all, the attackers hit eight U. S. battleships in their Dec. 7 attack.



She fought again. Under own power, the Nevada leaves Hawaii for repairs.

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No Glamor Here

The Infantryman in New Guinea Sweats Out a Tough Fight Against the Jap and the Jungle

By SGT. E. J. KAHN JR.
YANK Field Correspondent

AN ADVANCED BASE IN NEW GUINEA [By wireless]—American ground forces, who often don't know one day from another, have ceaselessly pressed on through inhospitable terrain along which the Japs have had months to construct heavy defense fortifications.

Old General Mud has long been accepted as a formidable obstacle to the progress of a military machine, but to spend a day in mud only knee-deep would seem a comparative lark to some of America's jungle fighters who have waded into action with only their heads and arms out of water, pushing on grimly toward concrete pillboxes embedded by the enemy in the thick, concealing undergrowth. In this kind of fighting where large masses of men can't be deployed according to venerable military theories, and where a column of twos is frequently much too wide a marching formation for the only available trail, it takes a lot of individual initiative and a lot of collective guts to crack open an enemy position.

Riflemen edging cautiously through the jungle sometimes don't actually see a Jap from morning to night, though they have good reason to believe that the Little Men are crawling in hollows, popping unexpectedly out of holes like landcrabs, and clinging to clusters of coconuts in the tops of palm trees.

One Yank, back from the front lines after five wet and weary days up there, was asked if he had shot any Japs.

"Well, I don't know for certain," he said, "but I sure nailed a lot of coconuts."

To spend a week or so in constant jungle fighting, never dry, never knowing where the next meal is coming from but aware that it probably won't be very hot or very tasty, bothered incessantly by mosquitoes and other insects, wearing tattered uniforms and shoes sucked to shreds by the stinking tropical mud, bombed and strafed from the air and endlessly harried from the ground—to go through that would be a tough test for the most hardened professional soldier.

Green American troops are doing it now, doing it, moreover, after having in many cases marched through the jungle for several weeks to get to their battle positions. It takes nerve to stand up under the gruelling treatment our infantry has been taking, and no better evidence of the presence in large quantities of the nerve required exists than the example—just one of many—of Pfc. George Warfield of Glenwood, Minn., number one gunner of a machine gun squad in a heavy weapons company.

A Jap bullet ripped into his foot down by his heel, went clean through the ankle, and came to rest protruding from his legging. Warfield, knocked down, got up a moment later, and pulled the bullet out of his legging. He put it in his pocket, and walked down the trail to the nearest field hospital, to the wonder of several doctors who regarded his hike as little short of miraculous.

"I just got hit here with this," he said, holding out the bullet and extending a foot whose shoe had two holes in it.

Somebody asked him how he had ever managed to get down the trail on his wounded foot. "Oh, it wasn't too bad," he said. "It loosened up while I was moving and when I stopped once it got a little stiff, so I didn't stop again."

There are some Yanks, as there must be in all wars, who won't walk back or come back at all, and since evacuating the wounded is a difficult enough problem without bothering about the dead, they are being buried with full military honors, in crude graves dug out of this lush wilderness.

Soldiers don't cry much, but one first sergeant, as merciless a man as ever penned a KP roster, made no attempt to hide his tears last week when they laid a soldier to rest high on a hill covered with tall wavy grass.

"Did you know him?" he was asked.

"Yeah," said the topkick. "He was one of my boys."

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Do The Courts Guard You?

Attorney General Biddle answers legal questions from soldiers To show how the law back home protects rights of service men

By CPL. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Correspondent

IF YOU are worried about getting your job back after the war, or paying your taxes, or settling with the installment collector, here's your answer, from the man who knows.

YANK has received many letters from soldiers asking legal questions. To get the straight legal answers YANK went directly to the top—to U. S. Attorney General Francis Biddle.

All the questions listed below have been asked by soldiers in letters to YANK. The answers are from Mr. Biddle, who spent two and a half hours with your YANK reporter, putting him wise to the law as it affects the men in the armed forces.

To protect your rights and those of your family while you are in service, and to make sure that after the war you can come back to circumstances at least as good if not a lot better than those you left, Congress has enacted several important and far-reaching laws.

These provide safeguards for your security in many ways ranging from postponable suits and judgments to getting your old job back. They are solid, reassuring evidence that your government really means business where your war and post-war rights are concerned.

In answering the questions, the Attorney General said:

"You must understand that as the Attorney General I am authorized to give opinions on legal matters only to the President or to heads of other Federal agencies. I cannot give legal advice or interpretations of the law to private individuals.

"Thus, my answers to YANK's questions should not be regarded as final or as an official interpretation. I may, however, be able to tell you how you may take full advantage of the benefits provided by the law."

Better clip this out and save it. You can settle a lot of arguments with complete finality by quoting Mr. Biddle. And the guard house lawyers will find it a handy reference. If you know a soldier, sailor or marine who is tied up in knots by one of these problems, do him a favor and show him this story.

How About That Old Job?

Q: When I entered the service, my employer promised to rehire me after the war. What protection do I have in law if he doesn't take me back? What if he gives me a lousy job at less pay? What if he says I'm unfit for my old job through injury, or, in the case of a skilled craft, he says I've lost my skill through lack of practice?

A: "The Selective Training and Service Act of 1940 provides that any person who leaves a job to go into service and returns still qualified to perform the duties of his civilian job, and who applies for re-employment within 40 days after his discharge is entitled to his job or one of similar seniority, status and pay if his job was with the U. S. Government or a private employer, unless the circumstances of the private employer have so changed as to make it impossible or unreasonable to require re-employment.

"The Act requests states and municipalities to adopt the same policy. Upon return, the employee is entitled to all benefits usually given by the employer to persons on leave, and may not be discharged, except for just cause, for one year after his return to the job.

"Failure or refusal of a private employer to rehire brings into action the power of the U. S. courts to force compliance with the Act.

"In my opinion, the best answer to the last part of this question is to be found in the Selective Service Act itself. Section 8, subsection 8, states: 'The Director of Selective Service . . . shall establish a Personnel Division with adequate facilities to render aid in the placement in their former positions of, or *in securing positions* for, members of the reserve components of the land and naval forces of the United States who have satisfactorily completed any period of active duty, and persons who have satisfactorily completed any period of their training and service under this Act.'"

Demand for Consumer Goods Will Keep Your Job Open After War

By FRANCIS BIDDLE
U. S. Attorney General

From the questions submitted to me by YANK, I realize that members of the armed forces are naturally anxious about the period immediately following the war, and more especially are concerned with the threat of post-war unemployment.

With this concern I have a great deal of sympathy. Peace may come with sudden unexpectedness and there will necessarily follow a period of readjustment in which the great war economy will have to be re-tooled to meet the economy of peace.

This period, however, need not be prolonged. On account of the enormous demand for consumer goods, the enjoyment of which this war has bottled up, there should be full employment on a full industrial level. Private industry and many agencies of the government are tackling this major post-war problem with unprecedented care and thoroughness, and I believe that appropriate methods will be worked out of cushioning the change from war to peace and of thus, so far as possible, outlawing unemployment.

To carry this out, presumably some government controls will have to be exercised during the transition period.

As Marriner Eccles, Chairman of the Board of the Federal Reserve System of the United States said in a speech last May: "We know now—we have a demonstration of it before our own eyes—that free men living under free institutions can produce a material welfare undreamed of before. We know that if we can turn our economy so quickly and successfully from relative stagnation to a point of full production which we are achieving today, though that production be for war, we can surely and more easily gear it for production in peacetimes with fewer complications and government controls."

Meeting the Mortgage Payments

Q: I had an FHA mortgage on which my wife continued monthly payments after my induction. She is now unable to meet the payments. How can I protect my investment in my home?

A: "The Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act of 1940 provides that mortgages on real estate owned by persons in military service or their dependents, may not be foreclosed except by an action in court. Dependents are entitled to protection if their ability to pay is materially impaired by the absence in service of their supporter. The court may, if there will not be undue hardship upon the dependents, permit foreclosure, provided the holder of the mortgage pays to the person in service or his dependent a sum fixed by disinterested appraisers appointed by the court.

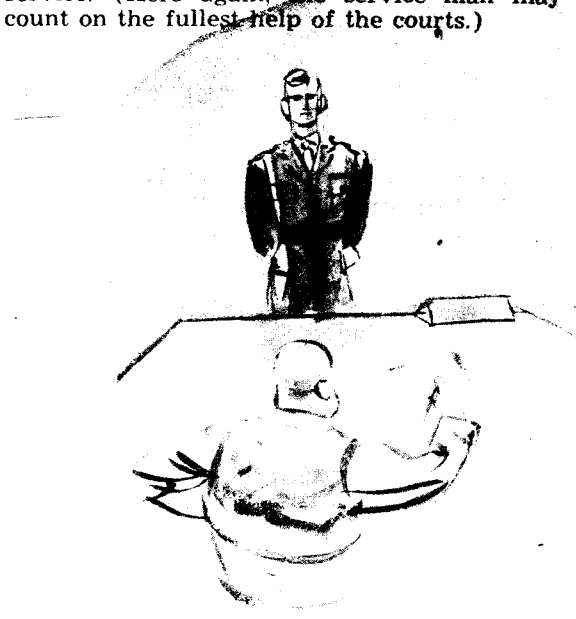
"The courts will protect the interests of a person in service and his dependents to the fullest possible degree."

Taxes on Mother's House

Q: I have been paying taxes on my mother's house. Is it true that she is safe from tax sale until I have time to straighten things out after the war? How much time will I have after I get home to get the tax money on the line? Will I have to pay interest and penalty on unpaid back taxes?

A: "The S & S Civil Relief Act of 1940 protects the rights of persons in the service or their dependents with respect to taxes falling due on real property owned and occupied for dwelling, agricultural or business purposes by such persons. To obtain the benefits of the Act, however, the person in service or his dependents, or someone in his behalf, must file with the Collector of Taxes an affidavit showing that the unpaid taxes cannot be paid because ability to pay is materially impaired by military service.

"If such an affidavit is filed, there can be no sale of the property except by permission of a court of competent jurisdiction granted on application by the Collector of Taxes. The court may, however, stay all proceedings until six months after the termination of military service. (Here again, the service man may count on the fullest help of the courts.)



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"If, for any reason, the court decides the property should be sold, a right to redeem is provided and this may be exercised at any time during the six months following termination of military service.

"If taxes remain unpaid, they bear interest at the rate of 6% per year until paid, but no other penalty or interest may be imposed."

Private Insurance Premiums

Q: I was paying $100 premiums on private insurance when I entered the Army. Obviously, that's impossible now. What's the status of that insurance?

A: "The S & S Civil Relief Act of 1940 places protection of a service man's life insurance under the Administrator of Veterans' Affairs. The Administrator is under responsibility to distribute through military channels information on that subject, together with the forms necessary to obtain benefits provided by the Act. I suggest that soldiers holding life insurance policies take up such questions with their CO's. Insurance companies are also prepared to assist their policy-holders who are now in service."

Co-signing Notes

Q: I was co-signer of a note for a "friend" at the bank. He ran out on the obligation and both myself and the other signer are in the Army. Do we have to ante up that $250, plus interest, or can we forget the whole thing?

A: "The law provides that no judgment can be taken against anyone unless the creditor files in court an affidavit that the debtor is not in the military service. A false affidavit is a criminal offense.

"It is up to the court, which will protect the soldier's rights, to decide whether the fact that he is in service affects his ability to pay. If the court feels the soldier cannot pay, it will suspend the case until the soldier's return."

Settlements of Estates

Q: Since I entered the Army, my father has died, leaving a considerable estate and naming me as sole executor. My uncle is trying to get himself named executor in my absence, which I know my father wanted to avoid. What can I do to protect myself?

A: "The settlement of estates is within the jurisdiction of the State courts. This soldier should be represented by a local attorney who, I am sure, will inform the court of the soldier's interests. In the event someone is appointed to administer the estate in the soldier's absence, I am confident that the court would not appoint a person objectionable to the soldier."

Pay Allotments

Q: I have made a pay allotment to take care of my wife and two children. If anything happens to me, do these allotments stop at once? If so, exactly what financial assistance can my family get and how do they apply for it?

A: "This question involves matters determined by the War Department or the Veterans Administration. I am informed, however, that in the event of death, pay allotments cease; and that financial assistance for the dependents is provided for by National Service Life Insurance. Each soldier is permitted to take out up to $10,000 life insurance at very low premium rates."

Statute of Limitations

Q: When I was inducted, a case was pending in which I was a defendant in a $3500 civil suit. I am sure I could win the case. Does the statute of limitations continue while I am in service so that the plaintiff still has five years after my discharge from the Army in which to sue me, or if I am in the Army more than five years, does the statute of limitations take care of the case?

A: "If this soldier was a defendant in a suit pending when he was inducted, the S & S Civil Relief Act of 1940 applies and his rights will be protected by the court. However, the information that he is in the service should be communicated to the court so as to avoid any possibility of an entry by default or by mistake. The Act protects both parties as to the running of a statute of limitations.

"While a person is in service, no statute of limitations runs so as to affect his rights or those of others against him."

Paying Income Taxes

Q: I was drafted on August 14, 1942. Prior to induction I made enough money to be eligible for income tax. Must I pay my income tax on that money next year? It is all in war bonds or other investments which would be difficult to liquidate, since I cannot do the job personally.

A: "Under the S & S Civil Relief Act of 1940 collection of income taxes from persons in service, whether falling due prior to or during the period of service, is postponed until six months after the end of service, if such person's ability to pay is materially affected or impaired by reason of his military service.

"There will be no interest or penalties on taxes the collection of which is postponed under the Act.

"If you're outside the U. S., a return need not be filed until after the war. If you are in the U. S., a return must be filed, but you may ask for postponement of payment until after the war, if it will be a real hardship to pay now."

Apartment Leases

Q: My mother and I had a two-year lease on a $75-a-month apartment. The lease still has 13 months to run, but I can no longer pay that rent for my mother. Can she just move out, or am I liable for the rest of the lease?

A: "By an amendment to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act, approved by President Roosevelt on October 6, 1942, such leases can now be ended simply by giving written notice to the owner or leasor, or his agent. Such notice is sufficient if it is properly addressed, stamped and placed in the U. S. Mails any time after the renter has entered military service.

"Giving such notice ends the lease, and ends the renter's liability to pay rent 30 days after the first rent day following the date of delivery or mailing of the notice."

Divorced Wife Allotments

Q: My ex-wife, who has not communicated with me for three years since she got a Florida divorce without my knowledge or consent, is now trying to make me fork over $22 a month so she can get $50 under the dependency allowance bill. She claims it's for support of our child, although she asked me no such support at the time of our divorce. Can she collect?

A: "The question involves matters under the jurisdiction of the War Department. Of course, the soldier is under moral and legal obligation to support his child."

Evictions of Families

Q: My mother, who is dependent upon me for support, is being threatened with eviction from her apartment. The landlord says that unless she pays up the $50 back rent that she owes, he will evict her. Is there any way to prevent this, at least until she is able to find another home with a rental more within her means, which have naturally been greatly reduced since my induction?

A: "If the rental for your mother's dwelling does not exceed $80 a month, and if her ability to pay the rental is materially affected by your military service, she cannot be evicted without the permission of the court, which may stay eviction for as long as three months.

"Any one trying to evict her without the court's permission is guilty of a misdemeanor and is punishable by imprisonment not to exceed one year or by fine not to exceed $1000 or both."

Installment Plans

Q: My wife and I were paying $75 a month installments on an electric refrigerator and furniture, and $62.50 on a car, when I was inducted. Shortly afterwards my wife had to quit work as she is expecting a child. We would like to surrender the car, but we want to keep the household things. How can that be done?

A: "The law does not permit the seller of articles to take them away except by order of a court. The court, if it feels there will not be undue hardship upon your wife, may appoint appraisers and require money to be paid to you or to your wife as a condition of repossessing the articles.

"Your wife is entitled to full protection if the court finds that her ability to pay has been materially affected by your military service."

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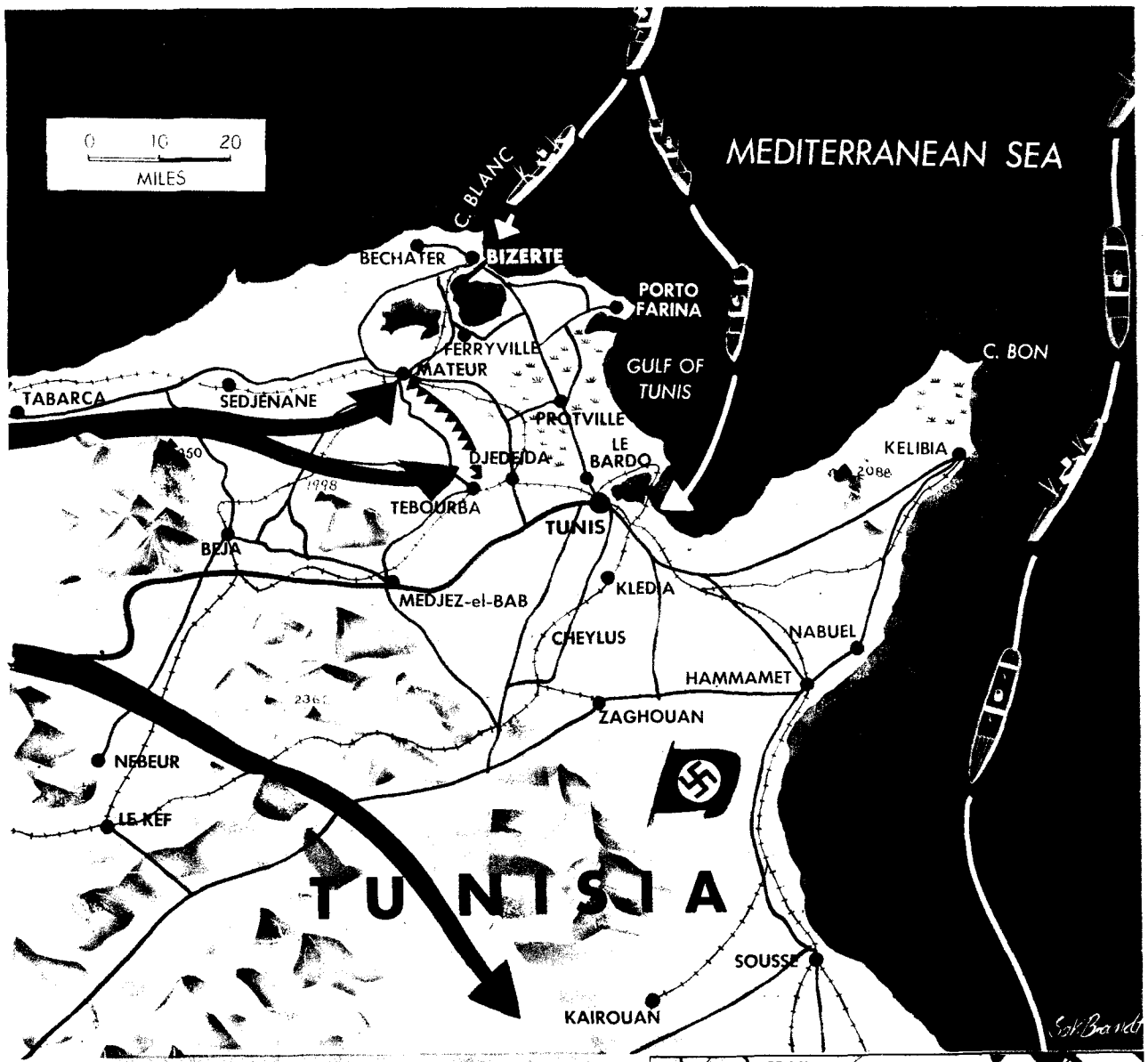

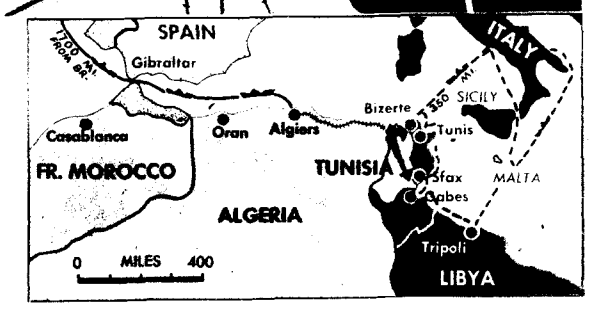

A WEEK OF WAR

Tunisia Fighting Grows As Italy Is Bombed and Navy Gains in Solomons

AFRICA

The Battle For Tunisia

THE LITTLE African towns of Mateur, Tebourba, and Djedeida form the corners of the most important triangle in the world today. Control of that area is vital to an Allied assault on the Axis positions in Bizerte and Tunis. Within that triangle German and Allied troops fought last week with steadily increasing ferocity.

Theoretically, battle is 90 per cent logistics and 10 per cent combat. Supply problems determined Allied tactics and slowed their advance. Allied ships dodged U-boats and planes crossing the Mediterranean to Algiers and Bone. Soldiers and Arabs worked feverishly to unload cargoes between air raids. Long convoys of trucks crawling through rain over the Atlas Mountains and down into the olive groves of Tunisia, 400 miles from Algiers. German paratroopers behind our lines used Arab costumes. In the face of such difficulties, the first stage of the Allied advance was remarkably rapid.

Success in this battle depends on air superiority, and here the Allies are at a severe disadvantage, due to a lack of good forward air bases for their fighters.

Fighting on the ground was light at first as the Allies moved into Tunisia. There were patrol clashes, but the Germans limited themselves mainly to light delaying actions while their engineers mined roads and blew up bridges. But when Maj. Gen. Walther Nehring, commander of the Axis forces in that theater, had withdrawn to a tight ring surrounding Bizerte and Tunis, he ordered his men to hold.

Allied columns pressed on Mateur, took Tebourba and Djedeida. Then German armored forces counterattacked all along the line. The towns changed hands several times. Losses were heavy on both sides.

When the dust of battle cleared, the Germans held Mateur, Tebourba and part of Djedeida, where house-to-house fighting continued. The Allied forces withdrew to heights west of Tebourba which commanded the town.

ITALY

Italy Blasted from Air

AMERICA hurled its first direct blow at Italy with a bombing attack on the Italian fleet at Naples. A big force of B-24 Liberators arrived over Naples at dusk. Flying so high over Mt. Vesuvius that they could hardly be seen, the big bombers sank a cruiser, crippled a battleship and a heavy cruiser, and rained big bombs on piers, breakwaters, railroad yards and shipping.

This was just one of many Allied blows aimed at the weak sister of the Axis. British bombers hammered the industrial cities of Turin and Milan with four-ton bombs, and Genoa's value as a base of supplies for North Africa was cut by RAF raids. The civilian population streamed from these cities.

At the same time an Allied phychological offensive was beamed by radio toward Italy. British Prime Minister Churchill asked Italians to throw off their yoke or be subjected to a "prolonged, scientific and shattering air attack." In reply, Mussolini broke a long silence with a speech exhorting his war-weary people to hate their enemies. The Germans were worried enough to send a new flood of soldiers and Gestapo agents to Italy's defense.

THE PACIFIC

Round No. 3 in Solomons

THE NAVY fought round No. 3 in the battle of the Solomons and won it. American patrols little by little were cleaning up the Japanese on Guadalcanal. Four months after American troops landed, their position was entrenched, and they confidently awaited round No. 4.

Airmen broke up the first big Japanese attempt to drive the Americans from the Solomons in October. Ships of the Navy blasted a smashing victory against heavy odds in mid-November when they sank 23 ships out of a Jap convoy and sent the rest hurrying home.

The third round wasn't quite as big, but it counted. A Japanese task force was sent to reinforce and supply Nippon's troops on the island early in December. American naval units caught the ships as they tried to sneak along shore under cover of darkness. The battle lasted only 20 minutes, but in that short time the Navy accounted for nine enemy ships and lost only one. Two Japanese cruisers or heavy destroyers, four destroyers, two troop transports and a cargo ship went to the bottom. More than 5,000 Japanese soldiers and sailors went with them. Neither reinforcements nor supplies got ashore.

On land, marauding patrols picked off the Japanese a few at a time, capturing artillery, mortars and machine guns. Little groups of tough Marines, well schooled in fighting the Japanese way with no holds barred, slipped into the jungle and returned days later after ambushing, shooting, bayoneting and knifing their way to little victories which, taken together, made the Japanese positions more and more precarious.

Navy figures set the number of Jap dead at 6,641 in the four months fighting at Guadalcanal. American planes, in complete control of the air, swept low over Jap lines. Furthermore, we were delivering supplies and reinforcements. The Japanese were not.

RUSSIA

Russians Meet Resistance

NOW THAT the element of surprise of the Russian Winter offensive has worn off, German resistance has stiffened. The Russians claim their two main drives have forged ahead, though admitting counterattacks. The two main objectives are Rzhev and the German salient before Stalingrad. Rzhev is the keystone of the German defenses, a fortress protecting the whole flank of the German Army before Moscow. Hitler reportedly told his generals that the loss of Rzhev would be equivalent to the loss of half of Berlin.

If Rzhev fell, the German divisions there might be required to retreat as far as the Latvian border. The Russians then would have a way clear to drive north and lift the siege of Leningrad. Their operations on the central front are designed to cut communication lines supplying the Germans in Rzhev, to encircle the forces there, and finally wipe them out. The Russians appear to have swept well to the west of the city, penetrated a German defense zone, cut one railway, and got astride at least one important supply highway.

Stalingrad holds much the same strategic importance as Rzhev. In German hands it would protect the flank of forces driving toward the Caucasian oil fields. If the Germans are completely knocked out of Stalingrad, the Caucasus Army might be forced to retreat to the Don and sacrifice all its Summer gains.

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He may be a long way from home, but Cpl. Raymond Elliott, of Jasper, Ala., seems quite happy loading an antiaircraft gun at the New Hebrides air base.

Picking 'em up and laying 'em down at a rate that carried them 115 miles in three days, the 506th Parachute Infantry set something of a record for forced marches in a spirited hike from Toccoa, Ga., to Atlanta. The pup got a bit tired and hitched a free ride.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM B-17S TO ORAN PILL ROLLERS

Destroying Jap Destroyers Like Shooting Ducks, Only Better

By CPL. SAUL BERNSTEIN
as told to SGT. DON HARRISON
YANK Field Correspondent

A BOMBER BASE SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA [By cable]—Looking through an opened bomb bay at ackack fire bursting around us, I felt as though every gun on the Jap destroyer below was aimed directly at me.

This was my first combat mission as a radio gunner on a B-17 and I wondered if it wasn't my last. My heart pounded louder than the four motors between which I sat. Veterans had told me there's nothing to fear from flak you can hear. When you don't hear it you're dead. But their logic didn't give me a helluva lot of comfort.

It was just nearing dusk when we came down on our objectives—four destroyers and a light cruiser, loaded with Jap marines and headed to reinforce their beleaguered garrison at Buna-Gona. It was our job to see that they didn't land.

They didn't.

I gripped the butts of my two 50-calibre machine guns with moist hands and scanned the sky for enemy aircraft. The air was choked with diving and zooming airplanes. Fortresses, dive bombers, Beauforts and Kittyhawks—but not one Zero. That was some relief and I went back to watch the show through the bomb bay.

The voices of the pilot and bombardier crackled in my earphones. They had picked their target—a destroyer plowing the waves toward the New Guinea coastline 50 miles away. My heart seemed to climb as the ship nosed down, down, down. Shrapnel was bursting directly beneath our wings, tossing us about like a free kite. For the first time I realized the size of a B-17 and the big target it made. It didn't seem possible they could miss us so often. Or keep on missing us.

I knew then how a duck must feel in open season and swore that if I ever got back home to Farmingdale, Long Island, I would never go hunting again. Long Island and home—I wondered if I would ever get home again. Home never seemed farther away than it did at the moment we screamed down at the snarling target rolling, twisting and turning below, trying to avoid the death that we were bringing.

Beads of cold sweat stood out on my forehead and my palms felt sticky as I gripped cold metal above the bomb bay. It seemed we would never stop diving. I thought, are we going to dive-bomb the damn tin can?

It was only a matter of seconds but it felt like hours before we levelled off at a mere 4,000 feet over our prey. Flak was flying everywhere now—around us, below and overhead. Flame and hot metal belched up from the defiant monster as brilliant white flares dispelled the gathering dusk and revealed our target.

"On target." The bombardier's voice sent a thrill of excitement racing down my spine. This was the moment—success or failure. My heart throbbed like a trip hammer as I watched bombs fall free. They seemed to drop very slowly. They'll never get there in time, I thought. The destroyer was already nearly on its side, kicking water to get free from the bombsight. But she was in her death throes.

Glares from our parachute flares paled against the explosion that followed. Red and orange flames leaped skyward as the doomed vessel bounced out of the sea in a column of black oily smoke, only to fall back again.

In the weird light Japs could be seen swimming or floating in the burning water where they had jumped or been blown from the now blazing inferno that was once part of their fleet.

Voices from the pilot and bombardier filtered through my headset again as they picked their next target. And I grinned. Hell, I thought, this is better than shooting ducks. The season never closes.

Generals *Do* Get Dirty Faces, Especially On the Alcan Highway

SOMEWHERE IN ALASKA — The general's face was spattered with muck.

None of us had expected to see any generals there—with or without muddy faces—because almost at that very hour, several hundred miles away, someone was supposed to be snipping the ribbon on the Alcan Highway.

But there he was—Major Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, Jr.—stepping from the mouth of the fourth longest railroad tunnel in the United States, still clutching the hard hat he had borrowed from a tunnel stiff for the first trip through 13,090 feet of frozen gray rock.

There weren't enough of us dogfaces on hand to make a decent cheering section, so nobody yelled. Even when another general—Brig. Gen. Jesse A. Ladd—and a retinue of colonels and majors squeezed through the narrow planked doorway at the portal of the tunnel, there was plenty of "whews!" but no cheers.

The cheers will come later, when mail starts arriving through that tunnel more often than semi-occasionally. And when a swifter stream of

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northbound cargo ships starts feeding this new railroad terminus, hauling items now molding at some port of embarkation because of lack of space, we'll all cheer. All over Alaska.

Because that's what that 2.48 miles of tunnel will do, as soon as there's track through it.

It'll give the gullet-stuffed Alaska Railroad two mouths to gobble with, instead of one. It'll permit speedier round trips for the rolling stock, accelerating discharge of sea-going bottoms, increasing transport traffic from the States.

The CG of the Alaska Defense Command threw the switch setting off the last charge of dynamite. The whole mountain trembled under us, like a horse with its legs tied, struggling to rise to his feet. Blue ice groaned in the glaciated valley below. From a mile deep into the electrically-lighted hole, you could hear the crash of the 32-foot curtain wall which separated the passages already blasted away from both ends by the Army Engineers' hired rock termites.

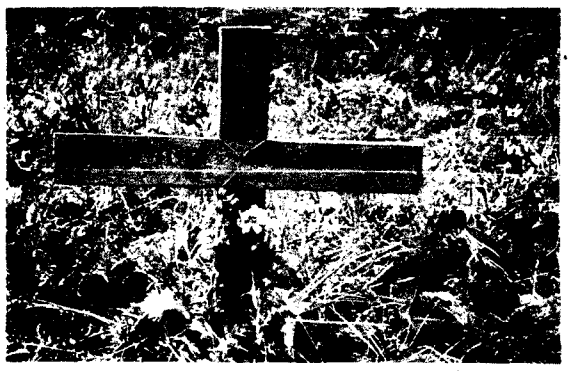
Then the general and his hard-hatted procession climbed onto a muck train, jogged past long pointed icicles, frozen drippings of underground springs, to the big jagged opening. He clambered over the loose rubble, then boarded another muck train for the far end of the tunnel.

Sourdoughs have been waiting for this second rail terminus for a decade. The soldiers have only been sweating it out for two years.

Neither of them will have to wait much longer.

YANK Field Correspondent

Yank stretcher bearers carry a casualty to safety in Algiers.



Here is the Jap flyer's grave in the Aleutians.

Soft-Hearted Alaskan Sarge Finally Gives Jap Flyer a Decent Burial

Somewhere in Alaska — Thumb-frayed newspapers and magazines just reaching this stiff-frozen neck of Uncle Sam's woods tell the tale of amateur plane-spotters busting their eyeballs on a Jap Zero now flitting over the States.

But they have nothing to fear. Strapped in the cockpit is an American pilot.

The original occupant of that cockpit lies now under the soggy sod of a bleak Aleutian blob.

How he got there is what this story is all about.

If it hadn't been for Sgt. Donald O. Spaulding of Rexburg, Idaho, a hard-bitten G.I. who sweated out two years on Corregidor, that flyer from Kobe or Osaka would still lie crumpled in cold storage, half-sunk in an icy swamp.

Corregidor notwithstanding, Sgt. Spaulding clenched his hatred between his teeth and ordered a soldier's funeral for the enemy. It didn't even matter that his own life had been threatened by the very shell-ripped plane which lay on its back on the muskeg, broken but repairable.

"Hell," muttered Sgt. Spaulding, "for my money, he's just another dogface."

It was then, after he and Cpl. Y. Hotta of Oakland, Calif., and a crew of 14 Navy men assigned to salvage the Jap plane, had been staring at the lifeless yellow body for five days that Sgt. Spaulding broke down and appointed a grave-digging detail.

The crackup had been spotted first by an American transport plane whose pilot reported it at Spaulding's camp. The two soldiers, culled from the ranks of the All-Alaska Combat Intelligence Scouts, sometimes dubbed Castner's Cut-throats, were shipped along to write a complete report on plane and pilot for G-2.

Following the aerial observer's directions, they came upon the wreckage a mile from the shore, where they beached a barge carrying a tractor.

The pilot, shackled to his seat by three body safety belts and a strap on each foot, dangled from the cockpit, head and shoulders submerged in swamp water.

"He must have figured he had a beautiful emergency landing field," said Sgt. Spaulding. "He probably thought he was going to land, radio for gas and repairs, and take off. I guess from the air this stuff is really deceptive. Anyway, he sheared off his landing gear as soon as he hit, plowed a furrow about 50 yards, and flipped over on his back."

The ship's oil return line had been shot open. No bullets had struck the Jap airman. A bash on the head during the forced landing had killed him.

"We pulled him out," said the sergeant. "He was still wearing a sash about 20 feet long which the Nippos wind around themselves like a G-string. Over that was his traditional 1000-stitch belt. As I get it, each of your friends is supposed to sew a stitch in this belt. It's supposed to be some kind of lucky charm. It didn't work."

Eager to get at the job of removing the plane to the waiting barge, the Navy crew laid the body aside and went to work yanking the 20-mm. guns out of the wings.

"He was a first-class physical specimen for sure," Spaulding described. "A real athlete. I guess he must have been about 24 or 25."

The sergeant kept looking at the Jap corpse every now and then for four or five days, then decided what the hell.

"Look here," he yelled out suddenly. "Let's get this young feller buried."

A dry spot was located on a hill. Two soldiers and 14 seamen gathered around to pay last respects to the enemy.

An ensign came ashore with a Navy prayer-book.

After the service the Americans tossed wild lupin and cotton flowers over the grave by the fistful.

A pair of crossed boards stuck into the ground made a grave marker. Burned into the wood was: "Japanese Flyer Killed in Action June 1942."

"All I hope," said Sgt. Spaulding when the gang was back at work on the plane, "is that they'd do the same for me."

Sgt. Georg Meyers
YANK's Alaska Correspondent

Reveille Is Tough on the Tonsils Of This First Sarge in Alaska

Somewhere in Alaska—If Top Sergeant Victor G. Bowen of this cold-shouldered soldiering outfit wears a harried look on his face every time he calls the roll, squint once at his company roster and bid him sympathy.

Here are just a few of the rocky syllables he has to trot over with his bare tongue:

Ronczkoski, Ostrowski, Opielinski, Pierantoni, Truszkosski, Ronewicz, Szczerba, Petricek, Ronspies, Wilczak, Stahulak, Ulanski, Prokopec, Pofelski, Romitti, Savelich, Pietrangeli, Rabideaux, and—paging Pete Smith—Pryzybyz!

YANK's Alaska Correspondent

Medical Corps Does Swell Job Caring for Wounded Near Oran

With the Center Task Force, Oran [by wireless] — American forces engaged in the North African sweep suffered more casualties in the fighting in Oran than in either the Casablanca or Algeria areas. And so our Medical Department had a tougher job to perform here than elsewhere in North Africa.

Speed was essential in saving the lives of wounded soldiers. Scarcely had the cease fire order been given before a Center Task Force medical unit rushed into the city and opened an Army evacuation hospital, using five wards of the French city hospital.

Just as soldiers never get far from their weapons, the Army medicos and their aides were wary about letting much distance separate them from their equipment. Thus, this unit, formerly affiliated with a midwestern university and consisting of 47 medical officers, 51 nurses and 318 enlisted men, mostly technicians, chucked most of their personal luggage when they moved up to Oran. Instead they carried with them drugs, bandages, dressings, and instruments. This enabled them to start work immediately rather than await arrival of equipment.

The officers found in Oran's civil and military hospitals many wounded Yanks who had been taken prisoners temporarily. Latrines were not working properly, flies visited frequently through holes in screening. There was no soap, no hot water, no heat. All, in all, the conditions were hardly up to hospital sanitation standards.

Amidst all this confusion, the American doctors found one remarkable French surgeon, Dr. George Sicard, who had worked ceaselessly for three days and nights caring for the Yank soldiers.

Dr. Sicard is a graduate of a famed French medical center at Montpelier. He dressed wounds, set fractures, treated burns, performed operations which included serious abdominal and chest cases, and even several amputations. Assisting Dr. Sicard was a Tranitarian sister, a nurse named Sister Denis, who is of Irish extraction and speaks perfect English.

These two are credited here with saving the Yanks much pain and probably lives despite serious handicaps. Dr. Sicard is enthusiastically pro-American and couldn't do enough for his fellow medicos when they arrived. He even invited the American doctors to be guests at his home.

During the first four days of its operations, the medical unit experienced shortages in practically everything despite its foresight in carrying up its own medical supplies. It borrowed right and left from other units in the vicinity. At first, uncertain as to the purity of the Oran water supply, the quartermaster brought in the water used on British ships and in harbor hospitals.

Many soldiers suffering from what physicians

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label shock were treated with newer methods of transfusion of dry blood plasma which lacks red blood cells. This type is given when the patient has not lost a serious quantity of blood but is suffering from a bruised nervous system. The doctors are enthusiastic about this method. They say they have used hundreds of cans of plasma here alone.

It is too early for doctors to make a report on the health of troops in this country, although offhand I would say the men look awfully peppy. The season is over for malaria and dengue fever and there are no mosquitos for a few months yet. No cases of belharzia, Africa's scourge, have yet been reported in this vicinity. The injunction to troops to avoid raw vegetables and cut fruit is obeyed religiously, and there are very few cases so far of dysentery.

Most complaints at the medical center are bad coughs and persistent colds caused by Africa's damp and chilly weather.

SGT. ROBERT NEVILLE
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

A Year After Pearl Harbor Finds Hawaii Ready and Waiting

SOMEWHERE IN HAWAII—There is always the odor of flowering trees on the Islands and, after a year of war, the brightly colored posters still proclaim the Hawaiian Archipelago to be the "Paradise of the Pacific."

What the posters neglect to point out, however, is that the fragrance of the flowers may be mingled with the acrid smell of gun-fire, that the Islands are a paradise where the average man in khaki is likely to run into an M.P. pointing a loaded tommy-gun every few steps, where unless you get a buzz from three bottles of G.I. beer, you're likely to remain uncomfortably sober most of the time and where you can't help wondering if the svelte Japanese girl-barber will be satisfied with cutting your hair.

It's still possible, of course, to get your picture snapped with a grass-skirted *wahine*—Hawaiian for woman—comfortable in your grasp against a background of palm trees and swaying surf. But these days the background is likely to be a painted curtain, and the wahine hurries home to a war-working husband and three children.

Of course, as any *kamaaina* (old-timer) will tell you, things once were very different. Bronzed native girls allegedly whispered sweet nothings into the ear as they wove flowered leis and tossed them, laughingly, around a soldier's neck. Even top-kicks were seen dancing the hula and swaying gently to "Aloha" strummed on native guitars.

It is memories like these that, after a rare dinner of fresh pineapple *papaia* and *puaa* (pork) costing not more than six times their worth, cause you to say, slapping away a handful of mosquitoes only a little larger than humming birds, "Home was never like this." And be unable to decide if you're happy about the whole thing or not.

Before the war, according to a corporal from Pittsburgh, Pa., a three-day pass was something you took if you couldn't get a ten-day furlough that month. Now a 12-hour pass is principally "something you read about." Schofield Barracks used to be the country club of the Army as well as the largest American Army post anywhere. It had polo teams, hockey matches, golf courses, and so many baseball teams that the Brooklyn Dodgers were only an unpleasant rumor.

Today, Schofield is larger still, but its thousands of "Red Dust" men snatch their sports—if at all—only after unending months in the field, on maneuvers that, according to rumor, have caused several members of line companies here to apply for Commando training for relaxation.

The number of men at Schofield is a closely-guarded secret, but its pre-war strength was only a warm-up for its present size. And Schofield is only a small part of the entire picture. On the Island of Oahu alone there are coast-artillery units, anti-aircraft contingents, mule-pack trains for use on narrow mountain ledges, tank units and so many Army cooks that the mere thought gives you indigestion.

All of the major islands are fortified, and there are soldiers keeping watch on the outer edges of the Archipelago who have never seen Honolulu and perhaps never will. Mountain passes that shoot two, three and four thousand feet straight into the air, and that are almost perpendicular on every side are spotted with men and guns; the valleys between are filled with soldiers, and along the beaches there are fortifications both natural and man-made, each guarded by men who know how to shoot to kill.

There are thousands of skilled war-workers here who are building roads, new fortifications and still, in a few cases, repairing the damage of last December 7. They scour every city and village on the islands for a place to live, then wait in line—as long as any Army line-up on pay day—to eat, or go to the movies.

The island people, Chinese, Portuguese, Koreans, native Hawaiians and Japanese, are working hard. Many young Japs are already in the U. S. Army, and more than 1,000 have been sent to Camp McCoy, Wis., for further training. They are good soldiers, officers who have seen them in the field report, and they are loyal Americans, too.

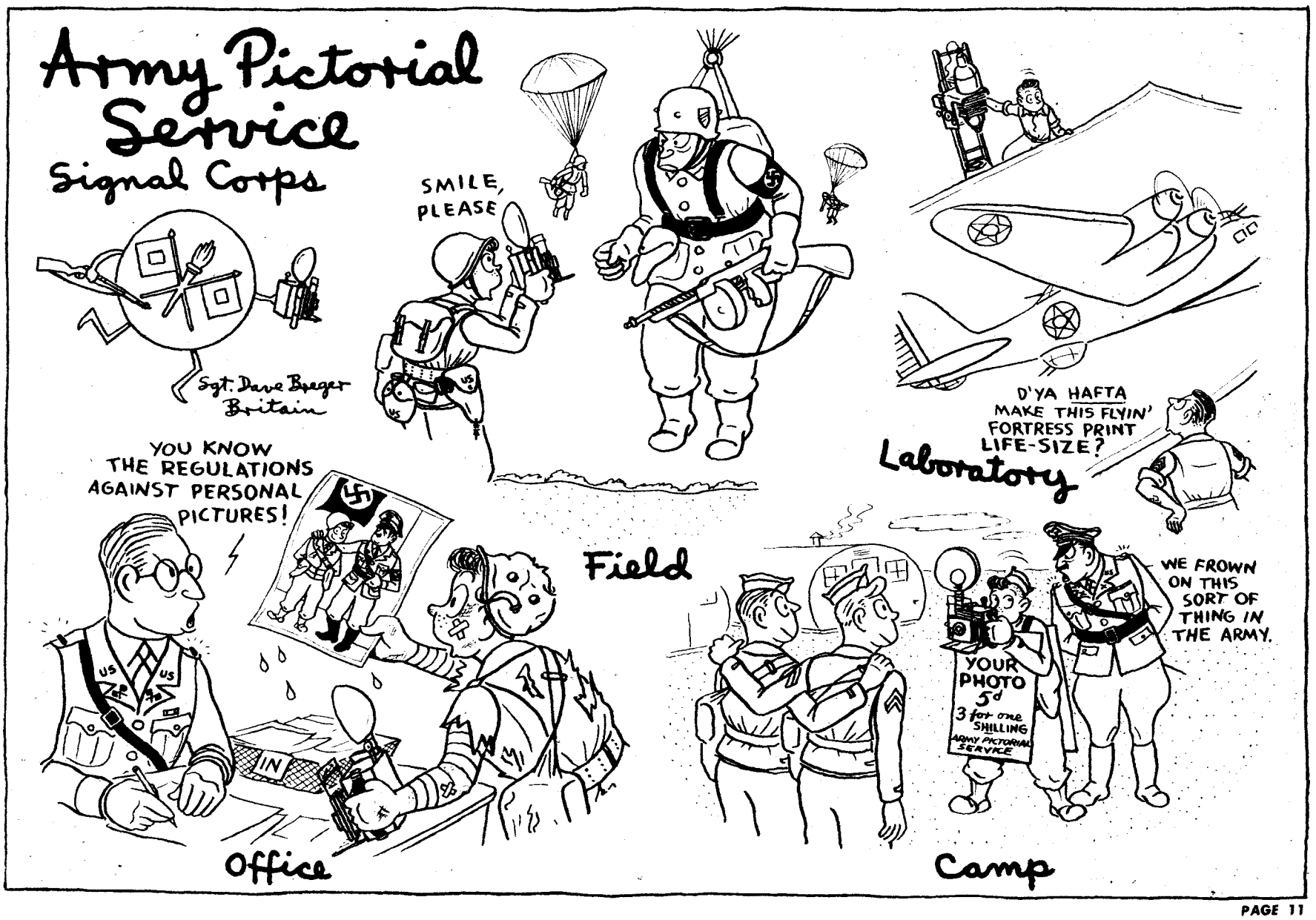
But while men are working and waiting—trigger finger ready for the squeeze—not even the toughest three-striper can avoid listening once in a while to the lap of the Pacific on the beach or the swish of the wind through the cocoanut palms.

You can walk along the beach almost any afternoon and see sparsely-dressed Hawaiians, men and women, standing barefoot in the water waiting patiently for squid, or any other fish that happened along. If no fish come, no one goes after them. Miss one fish, the Hawaiians believe, and there are still thousands of others in the sea.

It is that intriguing philosophy that causes G.I.s to speculate about Hawaii—after the war, that is.

YANK HAWAIIAN BUREAU

G.I. Joe — by Sgt. Dave Breger



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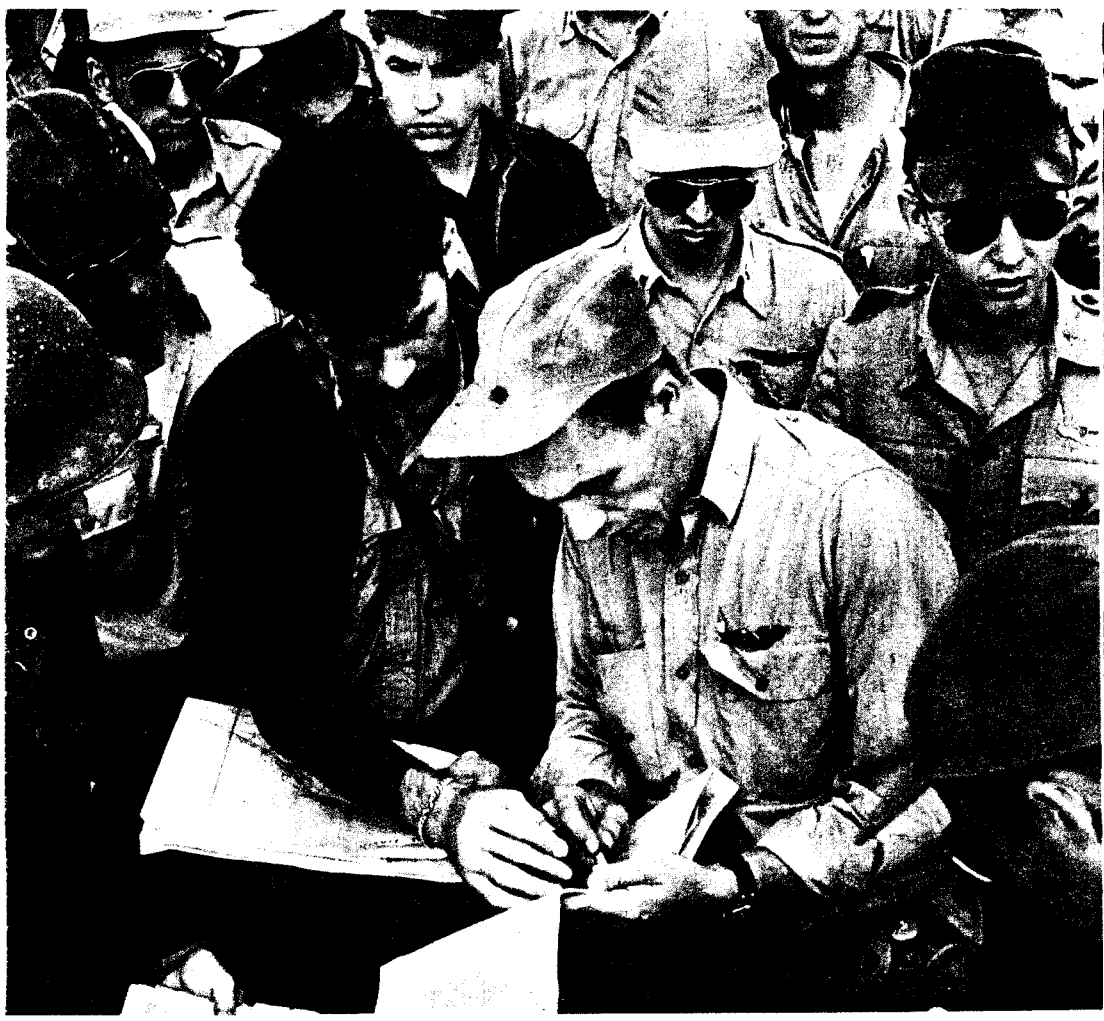
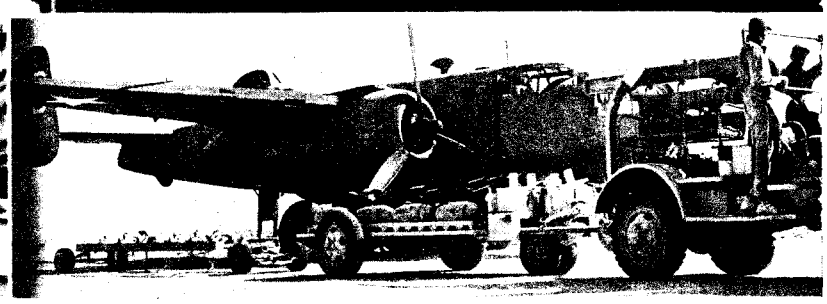
RAID IN AFRICA: Yank Photographer Records a Blow Against the Nazis

1. Somewhere in the African desert, in a tent dimly lit by one bulb, U. S. airmen relax with cards, between rounds of belting the Axis.



2. Serious and determined, the men wait while the course of combat is plotted. Success of bombing mission depends on their alertness.



3. While the flight course is checked, a B-25 bomber is b loaded with stuff that blows up enemy plans and men al

4. Before the takeoff, watches are synchronized. Accurate ti is essential. Both the smiling and the serious are confic

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High above desert speed B-25s and escorting planes. Gunners are ready

Caught in mid-air by the camera a bomb falls to destroy the enemy

Here lie bones of Nazi planes, once in a mighty air fleet, and now signs of Allied conquest. Pictures on these pages made by Sgt. George Aarons, YANK photographer

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NEWS FROM HOME

Army Bans Enlistments and Induction of Men Over 38 As Manpower Commission Takes Over Selective Service

WASHINGTON—In a sweeping executive order President Roosevelt this week made Paul V. McNutt chairman of the War Manpower Commission, giving him complete control of the country's manpower, and at the same time ended all voluntary enlistments of men between 18 and 38 years of age in the Army and Navy.

All men between these age brackets will henceforth be inducted under Selective Service, which also passes under the supervision of Chairman McNutt—whose first act was to announce that these draftees will be able to state their preference between the Army and Navy. They will be sent in most cases, however, to the branch of the service which needs them most.

The order in effect ends the enlistments of men under 18 for the Army and also exempts most men over 38 from the draft, though this maximum may be waived from time to time to obtain skilled men not otherwise available.

The Army will consider discharge applications from men over 38 who can prove that they would be more useful in war industry than in the Army because of their age, and that they have essential jobs waiting them in war industry or agriculture.

The order empowers Chairman McNutt to decide where men shall work and at what, authorizing him to move workers in non-war industries into war industries, as well as determining whether they shall serve in the armed services. Maj. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, national director of Selective Service, will be retained under the expanded Manpower Commission to handle the draft for both Army and Navy.

Paul V. McNutt, U. S. manpower chief.

Wickard Made Food Czar, Sets New Goal for Farms

WASHINGTON — Secretary of Agriculture Claude R. Wickard, dirt farmer from Indiana, this week was appointed Food Administrator by President Roosevelt and given sweeping powers over the production, distribution and rationing of food.

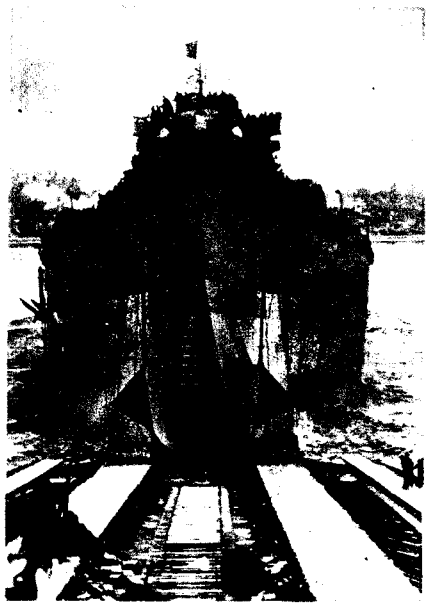
Administrator Wickard promptly outlined a 1943 farm-production program calling for the largest output in history, and set goals for individual crops and livestock, dairy and poultry products. In general, the goals call for more meat and milk, more poultry and eggs, more of the vegetables high in food value, more corn and less wheat, more peanuts for food and vegetable oil, more long-staple cotton and less short-staple cotton, and more potatoes, dry beans and peas.

At the same time he announced that farmers who fail to achieve their production allotments will be penalized by stiff deductions from their federal crop subsidies. A farmer's crop subsidy would be wiped out entirely should he plant only 70 per cent of his allotment.

War Production of Allies To Beat Axis 3 to 1: Nelson

NEW YORK—"One year from now United Nations production will be nearly three to one ahead of Axis production," WPB Chief Donald Nelson told 4,000 members of the National Association of Manufacturers in convention here this week.

"The U. S. alone today turns out as many guns, tanks, airplanes, shells and ships as the entire Axis, and with the production of the other Allies added, we have the Axis beaten two to one," Nelson added.



The world's greatest battleship, the New Jersey, launched at Philadelphia.

Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox informed the same meeting that "the Japanese in all theaters have lost in killed or permanently injured 250,000 men. Our Army and Navy have lost in all operations approximately 50,000, killed and missing."

The NAM gave a luncheon for 16 U. S. "Honor Workers" from factory, shop and farm. Among them were blind Mary Murphy, who sorts tiny mica separators 25 per cent faster than any other girl on the job; Mrs. Ray Frakes, soldier's wife and a former drug-store clerk who now holds the world's record for shearing aluminum; 83-year-old John McGrail, ammunition maker who retired in 1920 but went back after Pearl Harbor to do his share; and Mrs. Vera Staples Mueller, who saved the life of her son whose ship was sunk in the Solomons: he was safe in a rubber lifeboat she had inspected at Firestone's Akron plant.

People Back Home—

ARIZONA

The bell of St. Mary's Church in Phoenix doesn't ring any more.

It has gone into the scrap heap together with this sign: "I've praised the Lord. Now I go to make some ammunition."

One hundred and twenty Arizona prison convicts at Florence petitioned the governor to turn them loose so they could join the Army, Navy, Marines or work on defense projects. Some will be registered under the draft, called into the service when their number comes up.

CALIFORNIA

San Diego increased women in war industries by 10 to 85 per cent. California laughing soup emporiums may soon go on a military basis as barrooms face a midnight closing edict. When a near riot followed the Notre Dame-USC football classic a disgruntled spectator yelled: "So you guys love to fight, huh? Well, then, join up and fight with the colors. They can use you in the Solomons."

GEORGIA

Three men were killed when the Southern Railway's *Royal Palm* crashed through a burning trestle near Valdosta. George H. A. Thomas, manager of the Black Rock Country Club in Atlanta, was shot to death, and a Negro caddy, John Thomas (Bubber) Russell, confessed, giving robbery as his motive. Trial of ex-Gov. Rivers, charged with embezzling $66,000 of state funds, opened. Atlanta is tearing up the old street car rails on Peachtree Street from 17th Street to the city limits. The whole street will be asphalted and connect with the new six-lane highway from the DeKalb County line. Georgia's $20,000,000 a year cottonseed crushing industry will be doubled when the government brings surplus soybeans from the mid-west for processing.

IDAHO

Paper pennies printed by the Chamber of Commerce are being used in Boise because of a shortage of coins. About 12 miles of abandoned electric railway track in Boise, Nampa and Caldwell may be taken up even though salvage cost is more than its market value. Tobe Davidson, proprietor of Mo-Tel on Capitol Boulevard in Boise, has denied guilt on a charge of murdering John M. Goode, a Dallas, Tex., salesman. John R. Nichols, executive dean of the University of Idaho, southern branch, has left to become a lieutenant commander. John Boyle, Idaho director of federal aid wildlife projects, has a 12-cylinder auto, but the gasoline rationing board gave him a motorcycle gas ration card, good for ⅞ of a gallon a week. Notus High School defeated Cambridge, 36 to 6, in Boise to win the Southern Idaho six-man football championship. Five men were fined $10 each for playing cards on Sunday in the Radio pool hall at Pocatello.

INDIANA

Indianapolis school kids have collected 40,000 coat hangers for Camp Atterbury soldiers. Christian Englmen, 74, last tribal chief of the Miami Indians, died, near Huntington. In Indianapolis 700 pounds of holiday peanuts were roasted to ruins in a fire at the Indiana Nut Company. Howard M. Meyer, who ran against Louis Ludlow for 11th District representative, died at the U. S. Veterans Hospital. Notre Dame celebrated its 100th anniversary. At Brazil they've built seven extra warehouses to hold the soybean crop. Dorothy C. Stratton, former dean of women at Purdue, is now commandant of the SPARs, women's auxiliary to the Coast Guard; says she gets seasick, too. At Osgood worshipers at the First Baptist Church attended divine service using horse drawn rigs, bicycles and wheelbarrows to get there.

IOWA

Marian Anderson, Negro contralto, and the Quiz Kids appeared in Des Moines. At Shipley, farmer Arthur Backous, 68, and his son, Harold, were killed when young Shipley tried to rescue his father from their burning home. Near Albert City a $42,000 fire swept the Superior Manufacturing Company plant. Policewoman Alice Parrish, formerly of Bedford, joined the WAACs. John W. Rovane, former Keokuk Mayor, died. Dr. Frank L. Love is acting Johnson County coroner during Marine duty of Dr. George D. Callahan. Donald Stirm, defeated for reelection as Chickasaw county auditor by Theldo O'Day, of Fredericksburg, asked a recount. At Carson, Dell Farrell, high school basketball player, died of cerebral hemorrhage as he entered the gym for practice. Sac County's 164 bushels per acre led in the 10-acre corn yield contest. Spencer—Rodney Farnham, 19, was killed accidentally while hunting. I. W. Roland of Lake township near Spencer was given the master swine production award for Iowa. At Albert City, the Superior Manufacturing company factory suffered $42,000 damage by fire. At Sioux City, Epiphany council No. 734, Knights of Columbus, opened a new hall at 505 Pierce street.

KENTUCKY

Louisville—Schools open a half hour later now, to save transportation. With boys going to the Army in anticipation of the 18-19 year old draft, 70 per cent of NYA students now are girls. Domestic servants want more money because of the high cost of living and some employers are worrying. Mrs. Adelaide Schroeder Whiteside, 72, George D. Prentice School principal for 25 years, died. The Farm Credit Administration says the market value of Kentucky farm land has increased 18 per cent since war started.

LOUISIANA

New Orleans—The city fathers, according to newspapers, have already overspent their 1942 budget by $1,000,000. Buras—George Beridon, agricultural extension service agent for Pladuemines parish, said there's not enough labor to harvest the expected bumper crop of oranges. He and farmers want the schools here and at Boothville closed for six weeks of the peak period. New Orleans—During the recent intensive statewide scrap metals drive, Louisianians dug up mountains of junk, but the decorative ironwork that helps make architecture here so beautiful was left alone.

MARYLAND

Baltimore—Mayor Jackson was prodded about his 21-person secretarial staff as consideration of the city budget got under way. In a heavy gale on the Chesapeake, the State-owned ferry boat John M. Dennis grounded while trying to dock at Matapeake, blocking the slip. Fifty-five persons spent the night aboard. Pennsylvania Greyhound began using the new $412,000 terminal at Howard and Centre streets. Furnishings of the Mount Vernon Place home of the late William T. Walters were auctioned, brought $25,000. The Susquehanna Hotel, at Havre de Grace, burned.

MISSOURI

Henry W. Kiel, "best-loved citizen of St. Louis," bricklayer who became three-term Mayor, 1913-25, in later years head of street railway system and municipal summer opera, died at 71. Dr. M. L. Klinefelter, 69, St. Louis surgeon, wizard in bone operations, was shot and killed in his office at Missouri Baptist Hospital by an insane woman, 29, a former patient, who gave fantastic explanations. St. Louis had a test blackout Dec. 14, University City and many other suburbs joined. Rev. H. B. Crimmins, S.J., president of St. Louis University, resigned to take Army chaplain's duty. Community Church, Kansas City, with new modernistic building, is in financial straits, causing pastor and assistant to resign, and pastor emeritus, Dr. Burris Jenkins, to return to pulpit. Missouri motorists have not come all the way down to national 35 mph speed limit, and 20 per cent of rural traffic is at 50 or more, highway department says; new law will be sought from Legislature in January.

MONTANA

Manhattan—Photographs of residents of this area with the armed forces are being displayed by local business establishments. Three are women, two of them overseas. Virginia City—Madison County's war bond quota for the last nine months has been exceeded by more than 10 per cent. Butte—John Paul Jones, formerly of Sacramento, Calif., joined the Army at Butte. Highway Patrolman Al Boehme captured a "wild woman" he said was jumping over

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U.S. Has 58,307 Casualties During First Year of War

WASHINGTON—Total American casualties for the first year of the war—dead, wounded and missing—number 58,307, of which 8,192 were killed and 6,385 wounded.

The Office of War Information gave the following breakdown of casualties:

Army—2,009 dead, 3,332 wounded, 1,119 missing outside the Philippines (total of 29,000 listed missing in Philippines, including 10,500 Philippine Scouts. Many are presumably prisoners of war).

Navy—4,532 dead, 1,579 wounded, 8,636 missing.

Marine Corps—1,129 dead, 1,413 wounded, 1,926 missing.

Coast Guard — 40 dead, 11 wounded, 119 missing.

Merchant Marine — 482 dead, 50 wounded, 2,762 missing.

Of the Army wounded, 609 have already returned to active duty.

In the last war American casualties totaled 126,000 dead, 234,300 wounded, and 4,500 missing for the 19 months the U. S. was involved.

Army Flyers Power Dive At 725 MPH for New Mark

FARMINGDALE, L. I. — Two Army pilots set a new speed record for airplanes in a power dive, 725 miles per hour, when they plunged their P-47 fighter planes earthward from an altitude of 35,000 feet over an East Coast air base on Nov. 15, Republic Aviation Corporation has just reported.

The planes traveled at a speed only 11 miles an hour short of the speed of sound at sea level, which is 736 miles an hour. At the height in which they operated they traveled faster than sound because its speed diminishes as air gets thinner.

The pilots, Lt. Harold Comstock, 22, of Fresno, Calif., and Lt. Roger Dyar, 22, of Lowell, Ohio, reported that when they decided to pull out of their dives the pressure of the air on the tail surfaces was so great they could not move the sticks. To flatten out they resorted to the crank controlling the elevator trim tabs.

Both pilots were in full control of their mental faculties during the plunges. Lt. Comstock said he came out of his with the impression that the plane had been "hit by a truck." Said he: "I wondered whether the tail was still there but the ship was as well knit as a Siamese twin."

Noel Toy, Ruth Mason, Margie Hart, and comedian Jimmie Savo appear at obscenity trial of "Wine, Women and Song." The show was closed by New York authorities and three backers went to court.

tombstones at Mount Moriah cemetery after imbibing too freely.

NEW ENGLAND

Marlboro and Hudson, Mass., have called off their Christmas lighting rivalry for the duration. Reason—the dimout. Edward D. Bailey ended 36 years as superintendent of the Haverhill Boys' Club. Medford High School football team defeated Malden High, 13 to 0, clinched the Eastern Massachusetts Scholastic championship, ending the season undefeated. Attleboro families giving members in the armed services will receive specially designed wooden plaques on Dec. 7—1,100 plaques. In Lewiston, Maine, liquor sales for the week before the new liquor tax of 50 cents a bottle, totalled $25,036, against $8,046 the same week last year. Vance L. McNaughton, Lubec, Maine, high school principal for five years, is now principal of Winthrop High School. Rockport's new principal, Gerald A. Rose, has been a member of the Mexico H. S. faculty for 20 years. Auburn, Maine, has adopted a 9 p. m. curfew for youngsters under 16 years. All of Rhode Island east of a line from Woonsocket to Westerly is dimmed out for the duration. Fred Taylor, 26, Saylesville, R. I., got into the Navy by amputating a crippled finger. James F. (Red) Head, with a criminal record back to 1919, was appointed Woonsocket policeman. A court fight was promised. Anthony Colardo, papa, and son Matthew were drafted together at Federal Hill, R. I. Railroad Policeman Reuben Cook was arrested by G-men for offering to buy tires at higher-than-ceiling prices from motorists turning them in to the Government at Union Station, Providence.

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque Mayor Clyde Tingley was called upon to resign by Ralph Keleher, Democratic county chairman. Tingley called Keleher a member of the "state payroll crowd" who's trying to stay in office. A burglar took $650 from the El Rey Theater. Miss Alyce Hawk has a scholarship in Asuncion, Paraguay, to begin in June. The Circuit cage tourney will be held Feb. 17-20, with West Texas, defending champs, favored to repeat. Asst. Dist. Atty. Scott Mabry said "jusifiable homicide" when Asst. Police Chief Pat Dugan killed Patrolman Harold "Hi" Wickham during a quarrel over a promotion for Wickham.

NEW YORK

Named chairman of the Victory Fund Committee of Western New York was Lewis G. Harriman, president of Buffalo's Manufacturers and Traders Trust Company. Appointed to the State Board of Social Welfare was Norman P. Clement of Buffalo. Former Councilman Anthony Dropik was sentenced to five months in the county penitentiary for taking city funds several years ago. Buffalo Common Council approved salary increases totalling $135,000 for 1063 employees of the Public Works Department. New Buffalo Regional Director of the NLRB is Meyer S. Ryder, succeeding Henry J. Winters. A hangar and 21 planes were destroyed by fire at Colgate University. Buffalo city policemen complained that due to the coffee shortage restaurant proprietors now make them pay for it. Gus Gressell, 65, grandfather, led the field for four miles in the annual Buffalo cross-country race, faltered, crossed the finish line 17th among 35 entries. Niagara Falls—Stanley Dryja placed the carcass of a 285-pound buck shot in Canada in an ice plant. When he went to get the carcass, he was told: "Why, Mr. Dryja got the deer yesterday."

NEW JERSEY

Atlantic City — Officials interpreted new regulations to mean a total blackout of lights facing the sea, with the Boardwalk entirely blacked out. Father Divine's "Heaven"—the flashy Brigantine Hotel for which the father dished out $75,000—has been turned over to the Coast Guard by the cult.

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville—Nine women began active duty as city traffic officers. Raleigh—Decision to seek state absentee voting law changes to prevent fraudulent voting was reached by the State Board of Elections last week. Asheville—Many sportsmen took part in big game hunting for deer and bear in Pisgah National Forest. Burlington—Decision to put $2,500 a week from the Elsie Riddick Educational Loan Fund of the North Carolina Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs in War Bonds was announced.

OHIO

Cincinnati—The Board of Education has raised the salaries of its 2,500 employees $8 per month. The Mazzini Society has wired President Roosevelt its gratitude for what is being done by the Allies to Mussolini. Charles P. Taft has resigned as city councilman because the Ohio Supreme Court ruled he cannot be both councilman and assistant federal director of Defense, Health and Welfare. Bingo, a $7,000,000 business here in the past three years, faced a court test in a suit filed to stop bingo as a violation of Ohio law. Bucyrus—Rev. T. W. Bennett, pastor of the Tiro United Brethren Church, loves gizzards, but he found that women of his church omitted gizzards at chicken suppers. The minister told his parishioners from his pulpit that he wanted the gizzards included. The women whipped up another chicken dinner, serving the preacher all the gizzards.

PENNSYLVANIA

At Philadelphia bright lights and electric signs will be dimmed. A bill was introduced in City Council by the Republican majority to slash the 1½ per cent city wage tax, pet gripe of John Citizen, to one per cent. Philadelphia's famous old Bellevue-Stratford Hotel was fined $1,500 for trying to fancy up the lobby without War Production Board permission. At Pittston, Pa., there was another mine cavein, leaving 200 homes without gas or water. Streets cracked, but no one was hurt. In football, St. Joseph's High won from Catholic, 13-6. Northeast High trimmed Central 37-0, tying Germantown for the Public League championship. Collingdale, with the usual pre and post-game fisticuffs, beat Darby 18-0. Abington defeated Cheltenham 27-6, and West Philly broke West Catholic's streak, 40-6.

SOUTH CAROLINA

In Charleston the Halsey Lumber Mill, one of the country's oldest, was struck by lightning and burned. Near Denmark, the Augusta, Ga.-Wilmington, N. C., train jumped the track, but no serious injuries were reported. In McClellansville, pictures of local folks and scenes are being forwarded to service men. In Darlington a weekly mimeographed news pamphlet is being mailed free to men in uniform. Two votes were cast against U. S. Sen. Maybank. Judge John J. Parker of the U. S. Court of Appeals has been indorsed by the Darlington County bar for the U. S. Supreme Court. Rep. J. P. Richards of the 5th District suggested to citizens that they oppose any move to abolish the poll tax. A new Jewish synagogue, for Chav Salom congregation at Dillon, S. C., was dedicated.

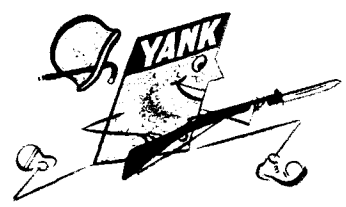
WASHINGTON

Seattle—Daniel W. Newton, of Fort Lewis, told police he saw two white horses crossing Empire Way at Beacon Avenue. "I decided to drive between them," he said. There was a dark horse between them. Newton wasn't injured. The horse was. Seattle skiers crowded Stevens and Snoquelmie passes to get their last down-hill before gas rationing. High School students who live within two miles of their schools are walking to help the transit systems.

UTAH

Thirteen counties will get pennants for their flagpoles because they turned in at least 100 pounds of scrap per person—Box Elder, Carbon, Daggett, Davis, Grand, Iron, Morgan Piute, Rich, San Juan, Summit, Weber and Uintah. A fire in the Geneva works of Columbia Steel Company caused damage totalling more than $300,000. James Jim Dalton, Beaver mail carrier, and Reed Russell, of Parowan, were killed in "unloaded gun" accidents. Policemen and firemen in Salt Lake City got a $10 a month raise—to $155 a month. Bud Dowd, Idaho Falls Tiger backfield ace, was named the State's player of the year. Chick Atkinson, new coach of the Blackfoot Broncos, was named the Upper Valley's top coach.

ADVANCING ON ALL FRONTS



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PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

There is a lot to be said for knowing the right way to rescue a soldier out of a well.

The other night me and my friend Pvt. Stinky Smith had got a pass away from camp and was downtown making the rounds of the pretzel circuit with Pvt. Phineas McFiddle, the invisible yardbird who lives in the G.I. can at the guard house. We had just slipped out the side door at Gus Anastopalos' saloon when we heard a noise coming out of a well in the yard.

"Lookit," I says. "Somebody has fell down the well."

"So there has," says Phineas. "What do you think we ought to do?"

"I know," says Stinky Smith. "We ought to boil the water or throw in one of them chlorine pills."

"Yes, but first I think we should rescue the guy," says Phineas.

"That is right," says Stinky, "but we got to do it scientific."

So we all went back into the saloon and had another beer.

"I think we ought to use a ladder," says Phineas.

"I think we ought to use a pole with a hook on the end," says Stinky.

"I think we ought to use a rope," says Phineas.

"I think we ought to have another beer," says Stinky.

So we all had another beer.

After we had sat there a while, Gus comes up and asks if there is anything else we want.

"Yeah," says Phineas. "We would like to borrow a ladder."

"Or maybe a long pole with a hook on the end," says Stinky.

"Or maybe a rope," says Phineas.

"You can bring them with our next beer," says Stinky.

So Gus looks around and pretty soon he comes back with three beers and a 10-foot step-ladder and the rope he uses to lower kegs into the basement. We finish off the beers and then go out in the yard where the well is.

"I think this guy has beat it," says Phineas. "I don't hear nothing."

"No, I think he is still there," says Stinky. "I hear gurgling."

So Phineas McFiddle gets the ladder in one hand and starts lowering it down into the well.

"This is as far as I can let the ladder down," says Phineas. "It is awful dark down here and I still don't see nothing or feel nothing."

"Maybe you are just a foot or so from bottom," says Stinky. "Maybe if you let go of the ladder it would hit bottom right away."

So Phineas lets go of the ladder. For a long time nothing happens, then there is a thud and a splash and a groan.

"That sure is a deep well," says Phineas.

"I never thought the ladder was any good," says Stinky. "Let me try the rope. I think I can lasso him."

So Stinky Smith swings the rope around a few times and pretty soon he tells us to pull. Me and Phineas hauls on the rope while Stinky looks down the well.

"Did you get anything?" asks Phineas.

"Yeah," says Stinky. "I got the ladder."

"That is pretty good," says Phineas. "I imagine Gus will be glad to hear that. However, I think you ought to try again."

So Stinky Smith fishes around some more, and pretty soon he tells us to pull on the rope again. Me and Phineas start pulling.

"We got the guy this time, all right," says Stinky. "I can hear his skull scraping against the side of the well."

So we keep on pulling and pretty soon a guy's head and shoulders come up over the edge of the well.

"Boy, he sure is banged up," says Stinky. "I guess the ladder must have hit him."

"Let me look," says Phineas, moving over. Then all of a sudden he bends down and looks at the guy's arm.

"Holy smoke, this is terrible!" says Phineas. "This here guy is a military police!"

"So it is," I says. "You can see his arm-band with M.P. on it."

"Oh, well," says Stinky, cutting the rope and letting the guy drop back into the well, "it was good practice, anyway."

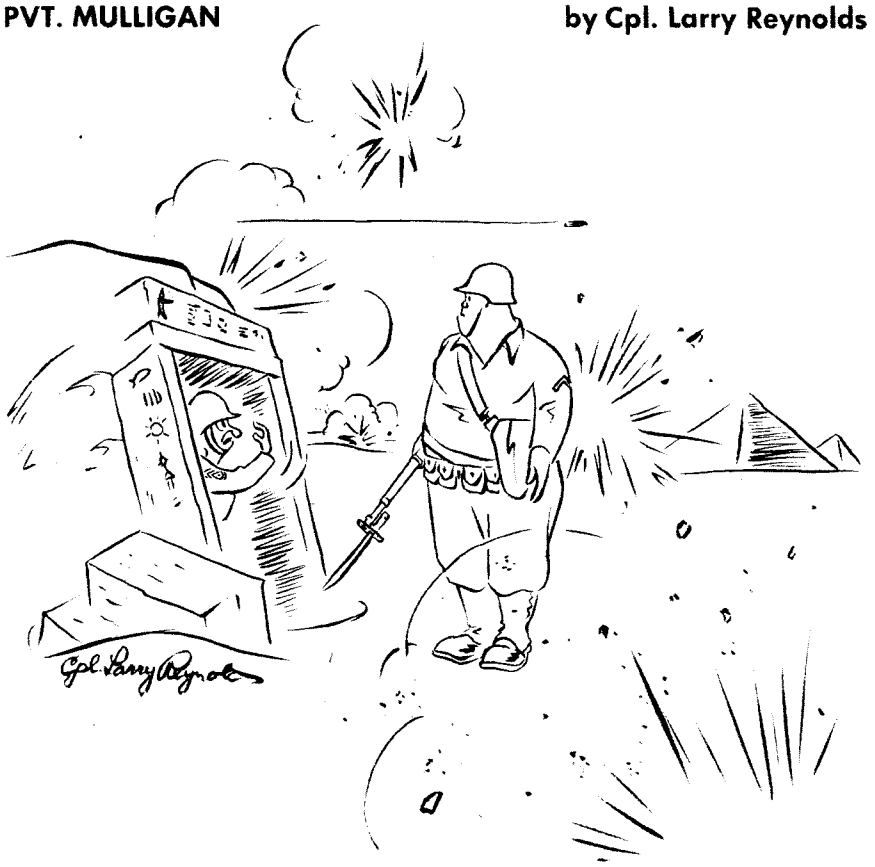
O.C. DAVID R. MCLEAN
MIAMI BEACH, FLA.

BETWEEN the LINES

"Now cut a path through here, but DON'T make any noise!"

PVT. MULLIGAN

by Cpl. Larry Reynolds



"Duck in here, stupid—the mummies won't hurt ya!"

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

VOL. 1, NO. 27
DEC. 16, 1942
By the men . . for the men in the service

THE ROCK

TAKE ANOTHER look at those Pearl Harbor pictures on pages 2, 3 and 4. They are a reminder of how unprepared we were as a nation for the attack upon us a year ago. The military damage was small compared to the shock felt in every city and village in America. "They can't do this to us," we said. But they did.

They did; because they knew that as a people we had developed a weakness. We were giants, industrially and financially terrific. But our democracy had become for too many of us only the framework within which we could go our own self-centered little way. What happened at The Rock was not a military or naval fault; it was the effect of 20 years of failure by all of us to safeguard our American Way. What Pearl Harbor did was to make us realize that we have an obligation to our nation as well as to our individual selves.

If we so desire, "Remember Pearl Harbor" can be a great slogan. But it must mean this: that never again shall we become complacent enough to believe that our way of life will be respected by outsiders while we have insufficient respect for it ourselves. Had we respected our democracy, Pearl Harbor could not have happened.

Let us remember that our freedom is only as strong as our determination to defend it. If we do, then "Remember Pearl Harbor" will have meaning. If we forget, Pearl Harbor will happen again.

STRICTLY G.I.

Shavetails

THE JERSEY CITY Quartermaster Depot gives its version of the origin of the term "shavetail" as applied to second lieutenants. According to the QMs, when men were commissioned from the ranks they still had perfectly good G.I. shirts which were exactly like the officers' except that they didn't have shoulder straps. In order to save these shirts, the ninety-day wonders would snip strips from the tail of the shirt to be sewed on the shoulders. . . . The jeep got its name when the first of these bouncing buggies rolled off the freight car. A soldier noticed the initials "GP" stenciled on the side to signify "General Purpose."

The Women

The War Department has announced 33 G.I. jobs for which our fair friends the WAACs are being trained. They may become bakers, clerks, postal clerks, cooks, radio repairwomen, mimeograph operators, stenographers, teletype operators, typists, cashiers, telephone operators, stock record clerks, chauffeurs, bookkeepers, sales clerks, librarians, message center clerks, motor vehicle dispatchers, messengers, weather observers, camera technicians, photo laboratory workers, telegraph printer operators, cadre clerks, draftsmen, radio operators, machine record operators, statisticians, musicians, truck drivers, classification specialists, accountants or bookkeeping machine operators.

For mere males who have been occupying these positions, a word to the wise should be sufficient.

Deductions

The monthly deduction from the payrolls of the Regular, or Old, Army for the support of the U. S. Soldiers Home is reduced from 25 cents to only one dime, 10 cents, the tenth part of a dollar. The Home is a haven for aged warrant officers and enlisted men of the Old Army, who are eligible for admission after 20 years of active service. Draftees don't get docked for the Home, because they're not eligible for the Home. Master sergeants shell out their dimes, even though they never give in. Master sergeants have a Home in the Army.

Gratuity Benefits

Under new WD orders, when a man is reported missing (or missing in action) for 12 months, the head of the department concerned is authorized to make a finding of his death. This will enable the payment of six months' death gratuity. Men returning after such payment is made will pay back the gratuity in monthly payroll deductions.

Applications

Men having trouble filling out application forms for dependents' allowances can get help from Red Cross field directors and workers at their posts. Application forms may be obtained from commanding officers.

What's Your Problem? Send It To Yank!

DEAR YANK:

Can you tell me where I can buy four sets of gold overseas service stripes? I have tried all the stores around here but have had no luck obtaining them.

PVT. JAMES E. GROOMS
CAMP GRUBER, OKLA.

Overseas service stripes have to be bought "through channels." Show your service record to your Post Exchange Officer who will order them for you through the Post Exchange. They cannot be purchased at a civilian military store.

DEAR YANK:

Could you tell me the qualifications needed to apply for limited service, officers' candidate school?

PVT. KENNETH STEADMAN
FORT BENNING

There are four schools open to limited servicemen who are interested in securing commissions. They are Army Administrative, Air Force Administrative, Medical Administrative and Adjutant General's School. College is not a prerequisite, and you can be selected on the basis of business and administrative experience you have had in civilian life, if it is good enough.

Items That Require No Editorial Comment

R.I.P.

Two German women were boasting of their gains from various Nazi conquests. Said one: "From Norway, I got the most beautiful pair of gloves; from Czechoslovakia, such stunning shoes, and my gown from Paris . . ."

"And what," interrupted her friend, "did you get from Russia?"

"From Russia," came the answer, "I got my widow's veil."

Fly Swatters Are in Order

An order from the German Army that the tails of all cattle in Germany be shorn for the hair needed because of the Reich's textile shortage brought the following comment from the correspondent of a Swiss paper: "A little tuft should be left at the end of a cow's tail for whisking off flies."

Kindness in Reverse

A Norwegian audience at an obligatory showing of a propaganda newsreel was dumbfounded on seeing a scene depicting German soldiers "giving food to the Norwegian citizens." Titters rose to murmurs, and murmurs to outright hilarity as some one in the darkened house shouted, "Germans giving food to the Norwegians. No. They're running the film backward!"

The Better Realm

One of the customary formal death notices appearing in a German newspaper recently happened to contain the phrase: "God the Almighty, having seen fit to call our dearly beloved husband and father to a better realm . . ."

The next day all members of the bereaved family were arrested and sent to a concentration camp for "grumbling about conditions and slandering the Third Reich!"

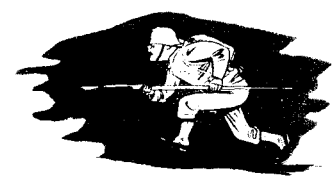
German Treasure

A Nazi leader was ending a two-hour pep talk to a group of factory workers.

"And whenever the seditious agitators talk to you of poverty, remember that Germany is a rich nation," he roared. "Don't we still have our treasures of coal, ore and potash under the ground? And on top, we have our greater treasures: Hitler, Goering, Goebbels . . ."

Some one in the audience whispered: "Be a damned sight better for us when we reverse the position of our treasures!"

YANK is published weekly by the Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army, and is for sale only to those in the Armed Services.



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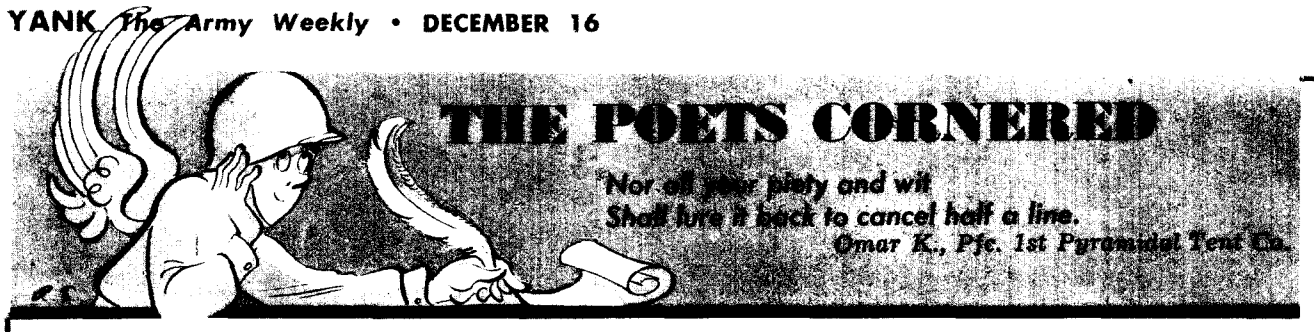


OVER THE GUN BARREL

Of all the really dreadful sights
That I have ever seen,
The one that haunts me most at nights
Is guns in cosmolene.

LT. RICHARD ARMOUR
FT. TOTTEN, N. Y.

G.I. VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

Now, listen all you Romeos,
No matter whence you came,
You have half-baked lovers look alike
To certain type of dame,
You dopes are worth some dough today
To gal who gets your hand,
For fifty bucks* a month ain't hay,
With chance for ten more grand.**

Just 'cause the dames all look at you
And give you lots of house,
Don't think that you're the Gable type
Or even Mickey Mouse.
These few things that I have to say,
I hope you'll understand;
For fifty bucks a month ain't hay
with chance for ten more grand.

There's dames out here who'll marry me
Or any dumb G.I.
They know that this is P. of E.***
And soon they'll say, Good-by.
The lottery begins the day
The dope leaves U. S. land,
For fifty bucks a month ain't hay
With chance for ten more grand.

Now, when a dizzy dame attempts
Your heart and dough to cop;
Remember what I'm telling you
And then, perhaps, you'll stop
Before you throw your dough away
To buy a wedding band;
For fifty bucks a month ain't hay,
With chance for ten more grand.

CPL. JOHN READEY
CAMP STONEMAN, CALIF.

*Class A Allotment for G.I.'s wife, dope!
**Gov. Insurance, mugg. If he ain't got that much, the little woman will talk him into it.
***Port of Embarkation (as if you didn't know that).

THE WAAC

She cannot lie in bed till ten.
Nor mess around with gentlemen.
For now her bed is lined up neat.
Where no dame can be indiscreet.

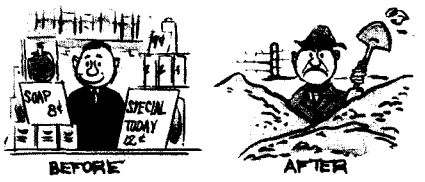
T/5 JOHN OWENS
603RD C.A. (AA)
BURBANK, CALIF.

AR 615 -26

("The purpose of this index is to provide a means whereby enlisted men with civilian occupational experience and skill may be promptly and correctly classified on the basis of the specific duty or duties each man is qualified to perform."—War Department pamphlet.)

Oh, they've got a little index in the Army,
And it's known as AR 615 -26.
It's the damndest little index in the Army,
The very brightest thing in Army tricks.
There's the nicest little number just for you, lad—
The kind you'll get in heaven when you die.
It stands for all the things you did back yonder
Before the good Lord branded you G.I.

Now take the case of Elmer Jones, embalmer—
O79, that's him! And what is more,
He's counting packing boxes at the freighthouse,
Assigned and joined, the Quartermaster Corps.
Or maybe it's Sylvester Oats, the barn-boss,
210, they call him now, the lucky guy!
He types endorsements for the CCO
And hopes to be a file clerk by and by.



While Horace Whimperwell, the erstwhile poet,
Who charmed New York with neat and naughty fables,
Was indexed 288, and promptly sent
To GHQ to tend the general's stables.
Oh, they've got a little index in the Army,
But believe me, boys, the damned thing's all in fun.
For they put you where they want you in the Army,
And they want you most of all behind a gun!

PVT. CHARLES TODD
FORT DOUGLAS, UTAH

Mail Call

DEAR YANK:

Betcha a corral-fattened steer against a free YANK that you have File No. 13 laden with protests, screams, howls, screeches, yahoos and dire threats against one Pvt. Sammie Brand, Randolph Field, Texas, who stated in your *Poets Cornered* page of November 11 that Texas women were flat chested.

Sufferin' psychotics! Even as a button, the jiggle of a Texas cowgal's walk always fascinated me, and the double bounce of her chest made even a civilian's shirttail run up and down his backbone like a window shade. And now this half-run Brand, a guy claiming to be a *soldier*, makes a crack like that! Whassamatta, some girl on Matomoras St. give him the old "Not Wanted" sign, and is he sore at all li'l *Tejanas?*

Know you can't hogtie Brand and ship him in a freight car clear to Morrison Field, so's I could take my bare fists, but will you do the next best thing — throw the enclosed epistle in with the herd of protests and loop its reins up somewhere in your white space, if any? Would appreciate.

DUPLEX DEFENSE

(Reply to Sammie Brand's poem of the Nov. 11 issue)

What psychotic trait made Sammie Brand
Use the "Poet's Cornered" page
To sneer in lame and halting verse
At the chests of Texas Babes?

Flat-busted Texas girlhood, Brand?
Why, from fourteen unto fifty
Each Texas Rose is double decked
And the decks look full and nifty.

Soft sweet curves grow in San Antone;
Curves vibrant, lush, complete—
For the normal curves expanded are
Under the Texas heat.

I'd like to meet this mid-filed Brand
And treat him quite pugnacious;
He's a pseudo-coyote howling through
The wrong end of Pegasus.

1ST LT. HENRY L. SOMERVILLE
MORRISON FIELD, FLA.

DEAR YANK:

In your November 11 issue there was an attack on the person of the most beautiful girls in the USA, the Texans. The lame-brain poet who wrote it, Pvt. Sammie Brand, should be given a medical discharge. His charges have necessitated an answer. I am not a poet, but this came from a heart burning with anger. Please print the poem or readdress it to Pvt. Brand.

CHANGE YOUR BRAND, SAMMIE

Allow me to reiterate
To the world at large;
Texas girls are very nice,
Unless you want a barge.
A good description I could give,
But since censor won't permit,
I'll describe the type of form
That seems to you quite fit.

Height is almost six foot one,
Her weight is plus three twenty.
When you get her in your arms,
You know you're holding plenty.
I'll take Texas, slim and sweet,
And with hearty cheers,
In whose arms one finds rest,
Without being in arrears.

Yours angrily,
PVT. STANLEY H. SACKS
CAMP UPTON, N. Y.

DEAR YANK:

Am enclosing an answer to a "pome" published in the November 11th edition of the YANK and would appreciate you putting it in your next edition.

A MAJOR BLUNT, PERIOD

Many a Yankee woman have I met while here,
And all would look better with a little "head gear";
So, take heed to the beauty the Texans possess,
'Cause, "Heed" is all you'll get . . .
OR WE MISS OUR GUESS.

CPL. DICK PRATT

DEAR YANK:

Having read "The Poets Cornered" of the November 11 issue of the esteemed YANK, we make reference to the poem (?) *A Minor Point, Plural*, by Pvt. Sammie Brand.

From the thought expressed in his two stanzas of poetry (and there is a doubt as to this classification), we are led to believe that Pvt. (and justly so) Brand has not yet ventured beyond the limits of Santa Rosa and Matamoras streets.

If he should feel inclined to investigate greener pastures, we can only assure him the greatest pleasure in finding "les femmes" of the Lone Star State to be contoured to meet with the approval of the severest critic.

S/SGT. JOHN C. PORTIS &
SGT. ALLEN C. HARGROVE
and, of course, all the rest of the 36th Division
CAMP EDWARDS, MASS.

DEAR YANK:

I call attention to the poem "A Minor Point, Plural" by Pvt. Brand, in which he complains that Texas women are "flat busted."

It is my earnest suggestion that he be referred to the judges of the Miss America contest at Atlantic City. He should also be shown a picture of Miss Jo Carroll Dennison, the winner, who hails from Texas.

CPL. JOEL N. BOOKER
FORT MONMOUTH, N. J.

P.S. I am not from Texas.

Ed. note to Pvt. Sammie Brand: let it never be said you didn't start something, brother. Ed. note to all Texans: the honor of your state has been defended, and the case is hereby closed. Score: Texas 28, Brand 0.

DEAR YANK:

Regarding the sports review given in the Nov. 11 issue of YANK on page 23, I wish to make a comment regarding the geographical location of Youngstown, Ohio.

I have lived there all my life, even attending the same school as Frankie Sinkwich—but I have as yet to see any cotton-picking being done there, even on the South side. Youngstown has a great many steel mills, but very few cotton plantations.

LT. JOHN L. DOYLE
CAMP LEE, VA.

Sorry—our sportswriter thought he was being funny.

DEAR YANK:

We are sending along a letter thanking Claude Thornhill, Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey, to you, which we would appreciate your forwarding. The arrangements which you got for us from them have been a godsend, and we wanted to thank them as well as you.

We have transcribed almost all the original scores which they sent, and the soldiers are eating them up. Claude Thornhill's arrangement of "Sorghum Switch" is one of the most popular. We get requests for the Tommy Dorsey arrangements of "Swanee River," "Blues No More," "So What," and "Hawaiian War Chant" three and four times a night, and Harry James' "B-19" is a swell seller.

When we first heard that there was to be an Army magazine published for and by the soldiers, we were a little afraid it would be corny. YANK certainly isn't at all, and we read it as avidly here as we used to read the "New Yorker" and "Time" in civilian life.

S/SGT. BILL WALKER
(FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE BAND)
AUSTRALIA

P.S.—We would like to add that we all particularly enjoy your music column. Whoever is writing it is certainly with it from a musician's point of view. We haven't been able to tune in on G.I. Jive, because there are no radios in the vicinity. We hope to be able to soon, however.

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This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, U. S. A.

The Post Exchange

[illegible] YANK [illegible] de luxe re-[illegible] slip that will inspire a more creative mood

Takes Mitt Flopping To Speed Chow

Hickam Field waitresses are unconscious characters who wander aimlessly about the floor of Hickam's restaurant, taking orders here and there, then disappearing as if swallowed up by the heavens. It isn't too hard to have your order taken. Getting it is where the catch is.

There was a time when the restaurant was the last ditch in man's quest for nourishing victuals. If the mess hall was serving slum or SOS, the boys would scamper off to the ptomaine emporium, hoping there to find food. Now only innocent recruits and transients get such silly ideas. It has been reported, from a reliable source, that the waitresses employ a maid for the purpose of removing the cobwebs from between their ankles during the day's work.

There are times, in the afternoon, when the place is almost empty. Now, figures the none too bright GI, is the time to get quick service. True, perhaps, in the States, but not in Hawaii. This is undoubtedly the very worst time to make a play for a cheese sandwich, for the girls are deeply engrossed in a play by play description of last night's date. To disturb them now is like doing a jig on the colonel's desk when the old boy's talking to the general. The PX waitress knows all the answers but she doesn't give you a chance to ask the questions.

Actually the best way to get service is to do a little mitt flopping with a Restaurant Romeo. These are the lads who evidently have no other duties besides hanging around the restaurant, absorbing cokes and the girls in conversation. Get friendly with these boys, give one your order, he in turn relays it to the girl he's talking to, she thinks it's for him, and in nothing flat you have your chow.

S/Sgt. H. E. Swinney

Hawaii.

Hawaii — Pfc. Frank Kanuch

THAT POSTPONED LETTER

I ought to write a letter,
But I can't get in the groove;
If I could write some certain things
You'd see my pencil move.

I'd like to tell what town I'm in,
And just what things I do,
But must be content to wait until
These wartime days are through.

I ought to write a letter
And repeat the things you know—
The things they would not censor out
Like how I love you so.

Cpl. Frank Greenberg

Northern Ireland

Local Weather

Due to inclement weather, thousands of Eskimos have been observed en route south to spend the winter at the Arctic Circle.

Eggs are frozen so tight that it is necessary to boil them three hours to obtain poached effect.

Individual who stood in sick call line dressed in white fur parka was discovered by medical officer to be a polar bear with double pneumonia.

Thermometers here are hung upside down. The mercury runs the other way; we take a reading, add 100, giving us the number of degrees below zero.

1st Lt. James Marlatt

Alaska

A PRIVATE MISUNDERSTOOD

I'm pretty sad, and lonely too;
I take a break for a few.
What happens to my recreation?
Interruption, a pick, excavation.
Of course, I wouldn't curse
Some day it will be the reverse.
I'm not bad; I'm kinda good
Just a private, misunderstood

Finally I can force a smile.
Happy in the Army for awhile.
What happens then?
K.P. for the following men.
Am I such a pest
That my name must lead the rest?
I'm not bad; I'm kinda good.
Just a private, misunderstood.

Sometimes I stray from my work
Hear someone holler "Where ya goin', jerk?"
Look up and see three stripes—
Boy, you can see it gripes
Answer in my own sweet way,
"Thought we were through for the day."
I'm not bad; I'm kinda good.
Just a private, misunderstood.

Really, I could tell lots more,
Sergeants that make me mighty sore.
Lowly corporals that love the law
Only when they can even a score.
All my thoughts and my hopes
Are to get square with the dopes.
But I'm not bad; I'm kinda good.
Just a private, misunderstood.

Pvt. Hy Kwasman

Australia

South Pacific — Lt. Ralph Yoes

PLEDGE FROM THE SOLOMONS

'Twas the seventh day of August
When we landed on the Isles,
And though our hearts were revengeful
Our faces were lit with smiles.

We knew what we were entering
When we landed on that beach-head;
We knew that some of us would not return
For some of us would be dead.

Nature, too, was against us
With diseases, storms and all;
And before the fight was over
She caused many to fall.

So to those brave, courageous fellows
Who died, but not in vain,
I pledge that ere this war is over
Those dirty ————
Will plead, beg and bellow
For mercy and for peace,
Which we really shouldn't give them
Since they've caused us so much pain;
But we will, since unlike them,
We are, at least, humane.

So rest in peace, you comrades true;
We'll win this war for America,
What it means,
And you.

Pvt. G. B. McDonough

Marine Corps
Solomon Islands

THE AIR CORPS BORPS

There once was a fellow in our Corps
Who nightly drowned the motor's rorps,
His pals crept up and turned him orps,
Then bludgeoned him dead with a cuspidorps.
Covered from head to foot with gorps,
He was hastily buried outside the dorps;
A commendable procedure which we implorps,
Is exactly right for those who snorps.

Cpl. Jack McNulty

Craig Field, Ala.

RADIO

At home I got Skelton and Winchell,
Kyser or the Andrews three,
Heard the gurgling of tenor singers
On "God only can make a tree."
I heard news and good swing and soap sobs
Though my set warn't so hot, I admit.
But all I can get
On this #!*x! signal corps set
Is a program of dit-dah and dit.

Pfc. Clint Eckstrom

Camp Swift, Tex.

K.P. LAMENT

Praise the Lord! And pass the dirty dishes
Praise the Lord! And give them three good swishes
Praise the Lord! Pass the dirty dishes
And we'll soon be free!

Pvt. Joe Wershba

Camp Gruber, Okla.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you're a YANK subscriber, but have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42nd St., New York City.

FULL NAME AND RANK _____ A.S.N.

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS _____

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COMPANY STREET

Pvt. Sidney J. Taylor, administrative worker at the **Nashville Army Air Center,** has devised a desk workers' medal, as yet unapproved by the War Department. Its chief feature is a Maltese cross formed by one long filing cabinet flanked by two smaller cabinets. He calls it the Distinguished Filing Cross.

Pfc. Sam Morris of **Turner Field,** Ga., beat all local sleep-walking records when he rose from his bed at 2:30 a.m., grabbed a towel and took a shower without waking.

T/Sgt. Carl L. Roberts, assistant game warden at **Fort Sill,** Okla., trapped a 40-pound ape on the artillery firing range, reported that there were six more still on the loose. Neither first-sergeants nor OCS boys, the monks were identified as the property of a civilian lady 12 miles away.

Six physicans and 92 medical technicians acted as midwives for "Queenie," a mongrel mascot of the 78th Division at **Camp Butner,** N.C. The six puppies are of unidentifiable breed.

Wayne Bissell, bombardier sergeant who dropped three demolition bombs and 123 incendiaries into Tokyo on the Doolittle raid, entered the AAF training center at **Santa Ana,** Calif., as an aviation cadet. Bissell wears the Distinguished Flying Cross and China's Celestial Order of the Clouds.

Cpls. Cliff Wilson and Earl S. Duncan Jr. invented a new game to while away time at an **Alaskan** base. They place a coin on the floor and take turns trying to turn it over by bouncing a ball at it at the proper angle.

The Rev. Austin F. Green, 45, left his pulpit in Shawnee, Okla., to enlist in the Air Force at **Sheppard Field,** Tex. as a buck private. He enlisted, he explained, to fight on God's side.

When Maj. Saverio N. Pennine, dental officer at **Fort Devens,** Mass., reported having extracted 1206 teeth in one month, the men voted him the "greatest Yank of them all."

Pvts. Leo Prince and Manuel Caparelli of **Camp Edwards,** Mass., dug a two-man fox hole, unearthed a live baby fox . . . A lieutenant at **Camp Wolters,** Tex., warned his camouflage class against concealed fox holes, took a step forward, plunged downward and disappeared from view.

S/Sgt. George Dolinsky, Third Regiment supply sergeant at the Armored Force School at **Fort Knox,** Ky., celebrated 29 years of service by taking his first furlough. "I hope it's the last one," he said later. He found he didn't like civilian life.

Alexis Smith

While it seems entirely superfluous to say anything about the picture on the opposite page, you might like to know that Alexis is a star in the Warner Bros.' "Gentleman Jim."

Current Events Quiz

By SGT. IRVING L. FIELD

Each right answer counts five points. 60 is passing; 70, fair; 80, good; 90 or more, excellent.

1. Commanding the 8th Army in Egypt is (a) Gen. Wavell (b) Gen. Ritchie (c) Gen. Montgomery (d) Gen. Andrews.
2. The Chetniks are (a) Caucasian horsemen (b) Yugoslav guerillas (c) Tunisian tribesmen (d) Norwegian ski troops.
3. Elmer Davis heads the (a) OWI (b) WPB (c) OPA (d) WMC.
4. Known as the most bombed spot on earth is (a) Malta (b) Tobruk (c) Genoa (d) Bremen.
5. One of these South American countries still maintains diplomatic relations with Germany: (a) Brazil (b) Uruguay (c) Paraguay (d) Argentina.
6. The sensational new P-47 fighter plane is known as the (a) Vengeance (b) Wildcat (c) Kittyhawk (d) Thunderbolt.
7. The famous "Blood, sweat and tears" speech was made by (a) Stalin (b) King Leopold (c) Churchill (d) MacArthur.
8. This city now occupied by the Nazis is known as the gateway to the Caucasus: (a) Tuapse (b) Novorossisk (c) Kharkov (d) Rostov.
9. One of the following cities in England is not a seaport: (a) Southampton (b) Manchester (c) Plymouth (d) Liverpool.
10. The Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Navy is Admiral (a) Nimitz (b) Halsey (c) Stark (d) King.
11. The Kremlin is located in (a) Paris (b) London (c) Moscow (d) Amsterdam.
12. Where are you most likely to find Gen. Draja Mihailovich? (a) Russian steppes (b) Yugoslav mountains (c) Quisling government (d) No. 10 Downing Street.
13. Bizerte is a naval base in (a) Tunisia (b) Morocco (c) Algeria (d) Libya.
14. The Bey of Tunis is (a) A mountain range (b) A river (c) A gulf (d) The native ruler.
15. Baku is well known for its (a) Gold mines (b) Copper mines (c) Steel mills (d) Oil wells.
16. Commanding the WAVES is (a) Dorothy Thompson (b) Oveta Culp-Hobby (c) Mildred H. McAfee (d) Elsie Robinson.
17. The name of the Prime Minister of Australia is (a) Fraser (b) Nash (c) King (d) Curtin.
18. The name of the Foreign Minister in Russia is (a) Voroshiloff (b) Litvinoff (c) Molotoff (d) Tolstoi.
19. One of the following countries in Europe is still neutral: (a) Portugal (b) Hungary (c) Denmark (d) Lichtenstein.
20. The well-known Russian dive bomber is called the (a) Focke-Wulf (b) Blenheim (c) Stuka (d) Stormovik.

(Answers on Page 22)

Kathryn Doris Gregory, the WAAC who took off

WAAC Strips—But Not for Action

DES MOINES, IOWA—Kathryn Doris Gregory, 22, a curvaceous, redheaded WAAC, went AWOL here and was discovered two days later doing a strip tease at the Casino, Des Moines' nearest approach to a burlesque house.

She took off — literally. What's more, when picked up by MPs (who didn't explain what they were doing in a burlesque house), she was out of uniform—completely out of uniform.

The pretty WAAC had been a captain of 22 chorus girls for George White's Scandals and had also worked for Earl Carroll. She was billed as Amber d'Georg of Hollywood when she charmed a Casino audience with her dancing and disrobing, doing a strip act with more gusto than military precision.

Since this is the first case of its kind in this or any other army and may set a precedent, the problem of discipline has Army officials puzzled. Said harried Col. John A. Hoag, WAAC commandant:

"We have brought this girl back to the post and will work this thing out within our group."

"Am I shocked," said Pete DeCenzie, theater manager. "I had no idea she was a WAAC. You can't ask too many questions with the present labor shortage."

In Fort Worth, Tex., Kathryn's mother took the news calmly. "I'm not a bit surprised she took to strip teasing," said she. "She always liked a change."

Words Across The Sea

Sgt. Floyd J. "Steamer" Stoner of Navarre, Ohio, was a bookkeeper for the Norka Coal Company until about nine months ago. Now he makes entries in Uncle's books at an Alaska Army base. "Steamer" wants his message delivered to Pvt. Gordon Norris, Ohio, steel mill hand now in uniform somewhere in England. Says Sgt. Stoner: "Best regards, and please convey my bullets to the Nazis, just in case I don't get a chance."

S/Sgt. James Ogilvy, Seattle accountant before he stepped into O.D. a year and a half ago, is chief clerk in the Surgeon's department at Headquarters, Alaska Defense Command. To Pvt.—or maybe M/Sgt. by now — Eddie Calhoun, Vashon Island mechanic who embarked for Australia with the Engineers shortly after the beginning of the duration, Sgt. Ogilvy laments: "Still waiting to hear from you. How are you forwarding your mail—by kangaroo pouch?"

T/Sgt. Robert L. Evans of Wauwatosa, Wisc., has been soldiering four years. Now he has staked out a G.I. desk and typewriter at an Alaska camp. From one cold spot to another he directs the message, "Keep your upper lip stiff, Sherm." Sherm is Sgt. Sherman V. Holmes of Springfield, Ill., a Medic.

Pvt. Leo A. Miller, former Minneapolis truckdriver, is scouting around for a lad who used to pack the mail for Uncle Sam in his home town. Pvt. Miller is now stationed in Seattle with a Fighter Control outfit. To Pvt. Thomas Murray, somewhere in Ireland, he says. "Joe Dorrian in Minneapolis wants you to write to him." **Why don't you speak for yourself, Joe?**

Capt. B. Couzynse, Seattle Air Defense Wing squadron commander, knows that Words Across the Sea is a message center for enlisted men, but because his son, whom he hasn't seen in a long time, is a Pfc. somewhere in New Guinea, he begged a waiver of rank to say to Robert J. Couzynse: "Hope you are getting along swell, son. Drop me a line here, and keep your pappy happy."

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SPORTS: CORPORAL BARNEY ROSS OF THE MARINES PROVES HIMSELF TO BE A REAL CHAMPION UNDER FIRE

By Sgt. Walter Bernstein

SEVERAL YEARS ago a boxing champion came to what the sports writers call "the end of the trail." The champion was a Chicago kid named Barney Ross who had once held the lightweight and welterweight titles at the same time. He was a good fighter; he beat Jimmy McLarnin and Tony Canzoneri, and never dodged anyone who wanted a crack at the crown. He always put up a good show and the customers liked him. He was a popular champ.

Ross lost the championship to Henry Armstrong, who beat him badly. It was an interesting fight for several reasons. Before the fight a newspaperman dug up the fact that Ross' father had been killed by a Negro hold-up man, and tried to get Ross to admit a grudge against Armstrong because he was colored. It probably would have made good copy and a bigger gate for the fight; Ross threw the man out. This was also the fight before which Armstrong wrote a poem about the senselessness of two men fighting when they didn't have anything against each other.

All these peaceful preliminaries didn't stop the fight itself from being a highly bloody affair. It was all Armstrong. By the tenth round the crowd was yelling for it to be stopped. Ross was through, cut and bleeding and groggy. Armstrong couldn't put him away, but he could knock him down and cut him up some more. It was one of those situations where the champion could have quit with honor, but he didn't, and finally the fight was over and Armstrong was champion. Ross immediately announced his retirement. Next day the newspapers had many kind words to say about the old champ who was all washed up. Then they forgot about him.

Armstrong also made a good champion. He fought everyone and finally lost the title to Fritzie Zivic, who lost it to Red Cochrane, who went into the Navy. By this time Barney Ross was 33 and a little gray.

Barney Ross as a private last summer when he finished boot training at San Diego's Marine Base.

Last week, a short dispatch arrived from Guadalcanal. It said that Pvt. Barney Ross of the Marines had been recommended for the DSC and promoted to corporal for heroic action against the Japs. The accompanying story was simple and very familiar. Pvt. Ross and two friends had fought a large collection of Japs all night from a shellhole between the lines. All had been wounded, but none would leave the others. Between the three of them they accounted for about 30 Japs before a stretcher bearer led them back to their own lines. Cpl. Ross is now in a Marine hospital with a combination of malaria, shell shock and minor shrapnel wounds.

This is a story as old as the war, but the first time it has been told about a professional athlete. The newspapers have been playing it up as proof that Cpl. Ross is a real champion. This is certainly true, but it is also true about several thousand other unsung champions in the services. It is true about Lt. Bob MacLeod, former Dartmouth All-American, with nine Jap planes to his credit, and it goes just as well for Pvt. Joe Blow from Kansas City who only played punchball in the street, but accounted for 110 Japs with an old machine gun.

This business of champions is a tricky thing, and often a matter of taste. At any given civilian time there is only one guy with the heart and physical equipment to be welterweight champ. But throw the country into war and Barney Ross becomes one in a million. The corporal knows it, too. When they told him about his citation he said, "Tell 'em to give it to my company. This is no one-man show."

He also said something else that showed he was a real champion, when they asked him how he felt in the middle of it all.

"I was scared stiff," Cpl. Ross said.

San Blas Indians Learn Baseball From G.I.s in Panama Canal Zone

SOMEWHERE IN PANAMA—The strangest disciples of American baseball—pint-sized Indians—have been roaming the infield and outfield and streaking their way around the base paths in their bare feet on the diamonds of U.S. Army posts here in the Panama Canal Zone.

These baseball fanatics are the San Blas Indians, little fellows about five feet tall with broad shoulders and powerful arms. They hail from the San Blas Islands which lie near the Isthmus, and they've been KPing it for over ten years in G.I. mess halls in this area.

Some years ago, these "mighty mites" avidly watched all the games staged by soldiers. Gradually, they began timidly approaching the players, inquiring about the rudiments of baseball. Coached by interested soldier tutors, they proved apt pupils.

Today, on the diamonds of any Army post, fort or camp here you will find the San Blas throwing the pill around with a zest and batting with a keen eye. On the field, they keep up an incessant chatter—a bewildering assortment of American slang and their own tribal lingo.

They shun the spiked shoes worn by their contemporaries, preferring to run barefooted around the diamond. Their style of play is speed and dash, dash and speed. They play a fast game, mainly, because they lack the power of other ball players. Superb showmen, they play to the grandstand whenever possible. On an easy grounder, they scoop it up, then roll over a couple of times and throw the ball to first with a zip, beating the batter out by inches.

The old "hot-stove league" never wove any more colorful tales than yarns spun about the San Blas here. One of them had aspirations to be a first baseman on his team. He idolized Lou Gehrig, and when the "Iron Man" died, a soldier broke the news to the Indian, who couldn't read English. The little fellow cried like a baby. Another San Blas admired the Yankees to such an extent that he bet three months pay on their ability to take the Cardinals in the last World Series.

Cpl. Mickey Harris, former Red Sox pitcher, shows a San Blas catcher some inside stuff while Sgt. Al Hudson, Chicago; S/Sgt. Harold T. Holley, Cable, Wis.; S/Sgt. Donald R. Doherty, Rapid City, S. Dak.; Cpl. Ed Hanger, Long Island, N. Y.; and Cpl. Charlie Mollica, Birmingham, Ala., look on in the background.

There's another story about the two teams of San Blas who played a triple-header in one day, so intense was their rivalry. It started in the morning when the two teams clashed in one game, which ended in a 6 to 5 ten-inning victory for one of the clubs. Chagrined, the losers immediately challenged the winners to another game. The challenge was accepted, and a second game was under way fifteen minutes later. This time the challengers were the victors. The tired, perspiring players of both teams then went into a pow-wow and decided on a third game, after a thirty-minute break. The tables were turned again with the winners of the first game proving the victors in the third clash.

The San Blas haven't confined their athletic activities to just baseball; they've proven equally expert at basketball and handball.

SGT. ROBERT G. RYAN
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

If I Had the Wings Of a Wingback—

Montgomery, Ala.—The mighty football team of Kilby Prison bowed to lowly Draper Pen this week, 26-0, and only because two convicts escaped a day before the game.

"We've always beaten them consistently," moaned Kilby's warden, Earl Wilson, "but after that escape I didn't think it best to let some of the boys outside, even to play fooball. So I pulled out eight members of the Kilby team, with sentences totalling about 400 years, and left them home."

The main reason, Wilson later explained, was that Draper prison, where the game was held, doesn't have any walls.

Bruce Smith Throws Pass To Himself, Loses 12 Yards

CHICAGO—It took the Great Lakes-Notre Dame final game of the season to produce a completed forward pass from Bruce Smith to Bruce Smith for a loss of 12 yards.

The Great Lakes Halfback and former Minnesota All-American threw a pass late in the second period that George Murphy of Notre Dame batted high into the air. Smith ran back, caught the ball on the fly and was thrown 12 yards behind the line of scrimmage.

CURRENT EVENTS QUIZ ANSWERS

Quiz on Page 21

1. (c) Gen. Montgomery.
2. (b) Yugoslav guerillas.
3. (a) OWI.
4. (a) Malta.
5. (d) Argentina.
6. (d) Thunderbolt.
7. (c) Churchill.
8. (d) Rostov.
9. (b) Manchester.
10. (d) King.
11. (c) Moscow.
12. (b) Yugoslav mountains.
13. (a) Tunisia.
14. (d) Native ruler.
15. (d) Oil wells.
16. (c) Mildred H. McAfee.
17. (d) Curtin.
18. (c) Molotoff.
19. (a) Portugal.
20. (d) Stormovik.

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Army Team Will Play Bowl Game

Lt. Hal VanEvery, former Minnesota and Green Bay Packer star, is one reason why the Second Air Force has the Nation's only bowl-bound service football team.

Second Air Force Bombers Only Undefeated Service 11 in Nation

By S/SGT. KEARNEY EGERTON
YANK Field Correspondent

TUCSON, ARIZ.—There's hardly a football fan in the world who hasn't heard all season long of the exploits of the Navy gridiron stars at Iowa's Pre-Flight School and the Great Lakes Training Station.

But the only undefeated service team in the country—and the only one headed for a bowl game on New Year's Day—happens to be an Army outfit.

This bunch of unsung heroes, organized late in September, is the Second Air Force Bombers, who will play Hardin-Simmons in the Sun Bowl in El Paso, Tex., Jan. 1. The Bombers have won nine games, played a 6-6 deadlock with Washington State, and scored 325 points to their opponents' 45.

Wearing his Marine reserve uniform, Georgia's gridiron star, Frank Sinkwich, arrives in New York with Coach Wallace Butts to receive the Heisman player award.

Plenty of Stars

Studded with former college and pro stars, the Bombers encountered little difficulty in defeating the University of Arizona for their ninth win of the season. Scoring in each quarter, the Second Air Force team won, 27-13.

Lt. Tony Calvelli, who starred successively with Stanford, the Detroit Lions and the Army's Eastern All-Stars, blocked an Arizona kick early in the first period and galloped 20 yards to fall on the ball in the end zone. Midway in the second quarter, Cpl. Billy Sewell, one-time Washington State triple-threat, unfurled a 35-yard pass to Lt. Al Bodney, former Tulane end, who took it over his shoulder as he crossed the goal line.

Pvt. Bill Holmes of the University of Washington broke through the forward wall of the Arizona team early in the third quarter, intercepted a lateral and romped 32 yards to the end zone. The last Bomber score came late in the game, when Lt. Harold VanEvery of Minnesota and the Green Bay Packers wheeled around left end for 23 yards and the last marker. Bodney converted three times.

Spadaccini Stars

The Bombers almost scored another third period touchdown, when VanEvery led the Second Air Force team from its own 30 to the Arizona three, where Pvt. Johnny Holmes of Washington State was thrown for a six-yard loss and the ball went over on downs.

Another Bomber threat failed to explode in the fourth, when the soldiers drove from their own 34 to the Arizona two, where they lost the ball on a fumble.

Lt. Vic Spadaccini, of Minnesota and the Cleveland Rams, held to a relatively slow gait by a knee injury, nevertheless shared with Pvt. Canrow Barham of Southwestern the task of amassing yardage in midfield. The two fullbacks repeatedly crashed through the Arizona defense to set up scoring plays.

The Arizona Wildcats scored in the second on a series of passes, and tallied again in the third the same way.

The Bombers amassed 14 first downs to 12 for Arizona, and gained 224 yards from scrimmage to 117 for the college team.

Tied Washington State

The victory over Arizona came one week after Washington State obtained a tie with the Bombers by blocking a conversion. Previously the flyers had defeated St. Martin's College, 21-0; Eastern Washington College of Education, 19-7; the University of Idaho, 14-0; Fort Douglas, 37-0; the University of Portland, 20-13; the College of Idaho, 75-0; Kansas Wesleyan, 47-0, Fort Riley, 56-6.

Before the Sun Bowl engagement, the Bombers will play a West Coast team, as yet unpicked, and then return to Davis-Monthan Field, at Tucson, to prepare for the Hardin-Simmons contest.

Bomber stars include Pvt. Bill Hornick, of Tulane, at end, and three tackles, Pvt. Don Williams, of Texas; Pvt. Glen Conley, of Washington, and Pvt. George Solari. At the guard posts, Pvt. Tony Roselli of Youngstown and Pvt. Bill Holmes of Washington perform.

Long on perfermance, but short on publicity, the Second Air Force Bombers can rightfully lay claim to the title of the nation's service champion.

SPORT SHORTS

Johnny Crimmins of Detroit has been named the year's best bowler by the National Bowling Writers Association. His average in A.B.C. tournaments during the last ten years has been 203.26. . . . There will be no more photo finishes at the Miami dog races. Dimout regulations forbid the use of brilliant lights necessary for camera work at night. . . . **Val Picinich,** 46-year-old former major league catcher, who used to handle Walter Johnson's fast ball, died of pneumonia. . . . Playing center for the North in the annual North-South game this New Year's Day will be **Jefferson Davis** of Missouri. . . . Only team in the country to come through its second straight season undefeated was **James Millikan University** of Decatur, Ill., champion of the Illinois College Conference. Student body consists of only 425 men. . . . There weren't many good ball carriers in the Southwest Conference this season, according to one Texas sports writer, so he picked his all-star team accordingly. It included two centers, four guards, a tackle, two ends, and only two backs. . . . Hunters this year in Maine bagged 22,301 deer, setting an all-time high for Republicans. . . . **Harold (Jug) McSpaden** is the winner of the $5,000 Miami Open with a 72-hole total of 272. . . . Two world's swimming records in two days is the record set by **Elroy Heidke,** Purdue sophomore. He did the 50-meters breast stroke one day in 30.8 seconds and the 50-yard breast stroke the next day in 28.3 seconds. . . . Add **Tommy Bridges,** Detroit pitcher, to the list of ball players working in defense plants instead of hunting and fishing during the off-season.

Induction Deferred

New York — When Lawrence Lehrer, 25, a bookkeeper, got his Army induction notice, the office threw a party for him. His boss told him to be sure and lick the Japs. "I will," promised Lehrer, "but can you take a shock?" The boss nodded and Lehrer said:

"Your books are $80,000 short. I have forged checks and have lost the money on the horses."

He's on trial for grand larceny.

Michigan War Worker Wins Billiards Title

DETROIT — New World's Pocket Billiards Champion is Willie Mosconi, who has returned to his Jackson, Mich., defense job with the title and $1500 in war bonds in his pocket.

On the final day Mosconi clinched the title with wins over Erwin Rudolph, 125-32, and Andrew Ponzi, his nearest rival, 125-17.

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Pictures: Cover, Corp. Ben Schnall. 2, 3, 4, USN. 6, OWI. 9, left, Acme; right, PA. 10, upper right, INP; left center, Sgt. Georg Meyers. 12, 13, Sgt. George Aarons. 14, left, OWI; right, INP. 15, PA. 18, PA. 20, Warner Bros. 21, center, Acme; right column, YANK Staff. 22, top, Acme; center, CDC PRO. 23, upper left, PA; upper right, Acme.

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In Next Week's *YANK* . . .

THE CANADIAN SOLDIER

Sgt. Robert Neville writes from London a close-up picture of our tough, cheerful North American ally and the job he's doing in the war.

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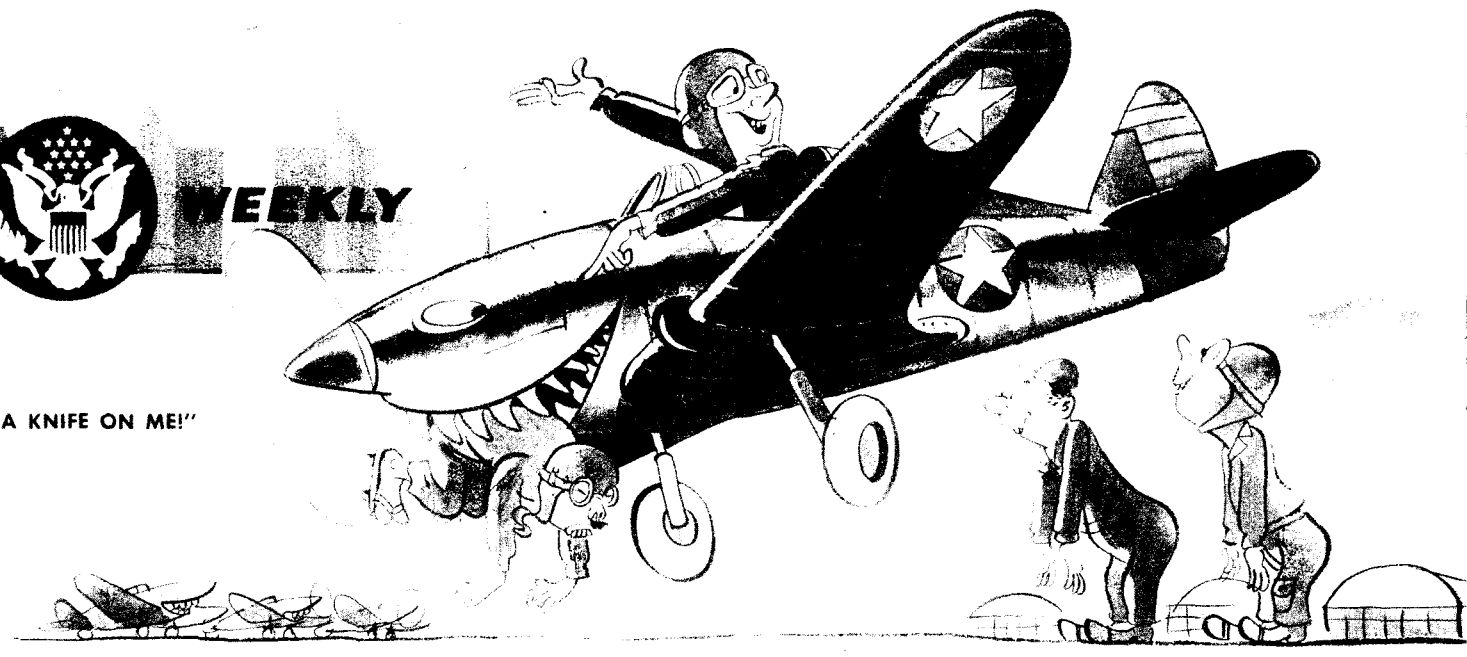
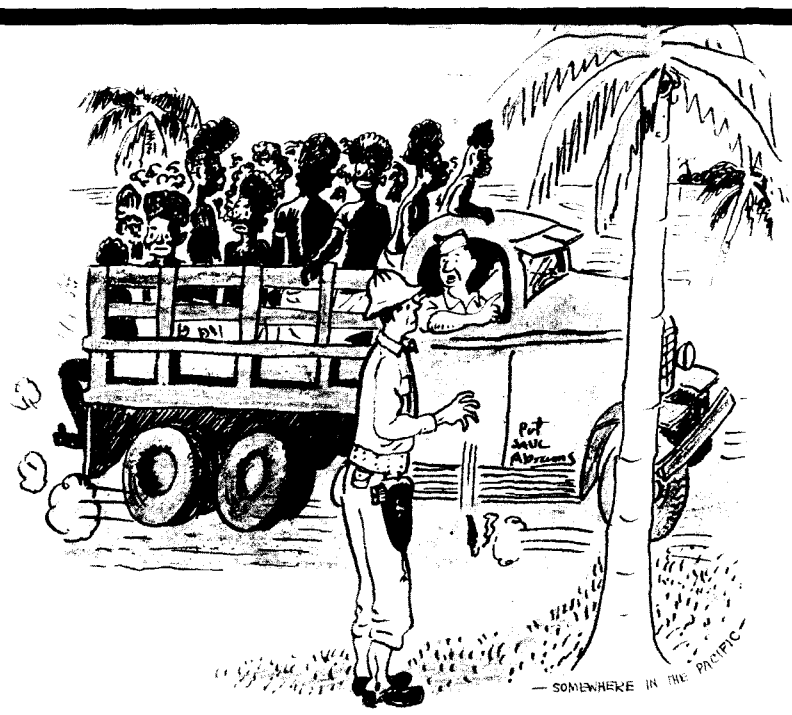
THE ARMY WEEKLY



"HE PULLED A KNIFE ON ME!"



"THEY ALL GOT OVER 110 IN THE I.Q. TEST—
SO WE'RE TAKING THEM TO OFFICERS' CANDIDATE SCHOOL."

"CAREFUL, BUCKY, IT MAY BE A BOOBY TRAP."

"HOW DO YOU SAY 'BOO!' IN JAPANESE?"

"OH, BOY, A $25 GIFT CERTIFICATE TO ANY OF THE
CENTRALLY LOCATED BARNABY MEN'S STORES!"

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